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Jenny Lind.

WHY is it that the name of Jenny Lind has become a household word in England, familiar to thousands who never heard her sing a note, or saw her face, but who, somehow, associate the sound of her name with everything that is most kindly, and pure, and tender, and good, so that they feel a sort of affection for one who, though unknown to them, about whom they could only tell you that she was a successful singer, has yet left a fragrance about her memory, which makes her name sound sweet and dear, as the name of a friend?

It is surely quite a peculiar tradition which she has left behind her. You feel it not only in the universal and affectionate familiarity with her maiden name, which I have ventured to put at the head of this article, but in the illumination which kindles in a man's face as he tells you of the great days, when he heard her in her wonderful triumphs. How he kindles, as he rouses himself, to speak of it! "Ah! Jenny Lind! Yes, there was never anything like that!" And he begins about the "Figlia," and how she came along the bridge in the "Sonnambula"; and you feel the tenderness in his voice, as of a positive love for her, whose voice seems still ringing through him as he talks. Why is it? There is some tone in the enthusiasm which is quite distinct from the way in which men speak of Grisi and of Alboni. *There*, you feel at once the enthusiasm is for the voice; *here*, there is, within the admiration of the voice, a touch of personal affection for one who was, to him, like nothing before or since in the whole world. It is of this unparalleled personal fascination of which I would speak in this paper. The records of her career, at the time of her death in November, told enough of

her musical achievements. But those of us who have enjoyed the peculiar privilege of her friendship in later years, cannot but be eager to express our sense of the force and nobility of her character.

Her character! There was the secret of the bewildering fascination of her early singing. Those of us who knew, and watched, and loved her long after the marvellous voice had utterly fled, could yet perfectly understand why the charm she once exercised had been so unique. As we felt the impressive vigour, the brilliancy, the high purity of the full-formed character, we could not be surprised at anything men told us of her wonderful effect upon them, when all this inward force, which still delighted us, had been felt at work within the heart of the clear, liquid, bird-like voice of a young girl.

For, indeed, her character had all the notes of greatness.

First, it had the gift of originality. How can I explain or justify a term which is used just to express what is indescribable? Those who knew her will perfectly understand me when I say that everything she did, everything she said, every gesture, every motion, bore her own individual stamp upon it. As she came into the room, as she went out, as she spoke, you felt in presence of an original nature, made in a fresh mould, distinct, marked, unmistakeable. I cannot recall a single conventional look, or act of hers—not one in which she was not herself alone. Her greeting, her way of coming forward with her hands outspread to welcome you, the pose of her head, the touch of dramatic action in all she did—how vivid is the impression left! Her image stands out, imprinted in clear outlines; it never mixes itself up with other memories. And she had the unaccountableness of an original genius: you never knew beforehand how she would take a thing, what she would say, how she would like it. She awoke that peculiar interest which belongs to those, whose whole being is a surprise to you—something which baffles your normal expectations: you cannot sum it up in your calculations; you have to wait on it, and learn from it what its ways and motions will be. So with her. I never felt more sure that I was in the company of a genius than when with her. Every phrase of hers “told”; her foreign English broke out into all sorts of strange and abrupt and suggestive forms, which must have been a surprise to our native mother-tongue, but which gave it unexpected force.

And, then, her character bore the type of a great Artist. She was an Artist, through and through. This is what you felt in her

conception and treatment of music. She had the artistic Ideality, the sense of an absolute and ideal perfection of workmanship, which was worth all effort and all toil, and by which alone the life's work was to be tried. She had the artist's sense of the all-sufficiency, and the sanctity of the ideal ; the artist's scorn for all that compromised it, for all work that was not carried to its highest attainable projection,—for all weak shifts, and unskilled presumptions. And, in all this, she had the backing of her husband, for whose character she had an enthusiastic admiration—himself a musician of most pure and delicate taste, fastidious of all that, at all, falls a hair's-breadth below the highest standard attainable.

This Ideality was felt throughout her whole treatment of Life. It made her judgment of all untrained efforts, that bore the stamp of the amateur upon them, to be severe, and alarming. She could shut her lips fast in a damning silence, after anything which failed to win her approval, in a way that made you feel that all was over, and that acquittal had become hopeless. She was not a person to whose criticism an aspiring amateur would like to offer his earlier efforts ; though, when she saw genuine merit, she would delightedly give most generous help. But the material must be good that you brought her ; and the standard was very high. I think this is what her pupils would say at the Royal College of Music, to whom she gave such splendid work in the last years of her life. They loved her ; and her training was magnificent in its serious and radical thoroughness ; but she required much of them. She kept them as close to their scales as Mr. Ruskin kept his Drawing Class to the curves of a snail-shell. She believed as thoroughly as the Duke of Wellington that everything lay in the firm mastery of the primary elements of your task. Yet, with this intense belief in real "grind," she had the teacher's great gift of looking to the *individuality* of the pupil. I remember well her telling me, in her emphatic way, how her first object was to discover the exact range peculiar to each individual voice that came before her—and, then, to make its training turn on the compass it covered ; so that each voice was an individual existence, with its own excellencies to be considered. How she made me laugh that evening, imitating the strange way in which her girls persisted in opening their mouths, when they sang ; and about "her Hippopotamus"—a coloured girl, who was hoping to become a Tragic Heroine.

This Ideality in Art brought her its familiar difficulties and griefs in practical life. She had that artistic temper, which never seems quite at home in our work-a-day world. What is it all at—with its infirmities, its compromises, its minglings of good and evil, its rough-and-ready method, its thwarting imperfections? The practical world conforms so little to any artistic ideal; it is satisfied with such incomplete and untrained work. She could not easily adapt herself to the common necessities and duties of human existence; they fretted her: they did not pass into her ideal: they stuck out, with stiff angles, and bony corners, and raw edges: she did not like them, nor could she bear with them lightly and gaily: she could not bend her inward moods to correspond to outward incidents. She stood in an attitude of repulsion, of rebellion, towards common, necessary, homely circumstances. She found it very difficult to give these small affairs and details of life their proper proportion and importance. And here, we English, whom personally she loved dearly, yet tried her sorely. We perplexed and distressed her by our British disregard for first-principles, by our Philistine content with casual, hap-hazard, hand-to-mouth ways of doing things. Our common life was so curiously satisfied with the absence from it of any Unity, or Coherence, or Symmetry.

This all emphasised her instinctive aloofness from the world. Like all those who find their vent in Art, she seemed always as if her soul was a homeless stranger here amid the thick of earthly affairs, never quite comprehending why the imperfect should exist, never quite able to come down from the lighted above, and form her eyes to the twilight of the prison and the cave.

And this gave a tone of sadness to her thought and mind, of which her face, plain and grave, with its deep grey eyes, and solemn furrows, and strangely pathetic mouth, bore the traces. "When I am alone," she wrote, "you have no idea how different I am,—so happy, yet so melancholy that tears are rolling down my cheeks unceasingly." She had a profound admiration for Carlyle; and to her, as to him, it appeared as if the world were stained with a corruption beyond measure, beyond endurance. She felt all the power of his "railing accusation"—felt it, as he did, with the bewilderment, and the indignation of a *spectator*, not *inside* the work, not within the heart of the workers, and so understanding how their errors and their wrongs come often out of distorted love and ignorant good-will—but standing outside, gazing at a scene which was,

on the surface, a wild chaos of malice, and horror, and sin. I saw her at Malvern, but two months before her death, when her face was already white and waxen, with the hue of death upon it, sitting in the verandah of that lovely home, which she loved and where she died, high up on the Worcestershire hills, looking out over the rolling woodlands of the Severn valley, as they lay, soft and tender, in the delicate splendour of an English autumn,—looking out, and asking, with passionate energy, the old old questions, that have vexed and harried every religious soul—questions which the Cross of Christ enables us, not so much to answer, as to face. “Why is evil so strong? Why does wickedness increase? Why is there pain, and misery, and earthquake, and famine, and war? Why does the good which one sets oneself to do, fail? Why do the best efforts win no fruit?” The old desperate enquiries! They stirred her to the very depths. The faith, which she firmly grasped for her own salvation, did not seem to spread out as an illuminative interpretation of the world around her. These primary problems, which the Cross presupposes, and responds to, still importunately beset her; and her vein of reflection was darkened by their shadow. Such outcry against wrong is itself prophetic of the God to whom it witnesses, and for whose honour it is so jealous; and now for her we can trust that, in the great merciful silence, all questions have been hushed for ever into divine repose.

This spiritual aloofness had in her, as, again, in Carlyle, its natural effect in a special purity of tone. I can hardly imagine the man who would, in her presence, venture on a doubtful allusion, or a hazardous innuendo. Never shall I forget the vivid vigour of her description to me of her final parting with a friend, who had made some such reference. The whole world conveyed under these phrases, was to her a thing of contempt and abhorrence, which she dismissed with a touch of austere defiance. Certainly, I can hardly imagine her being thought a genial or popular companion in the green-room of an Opera House; but ah! how one longed to have once heard, ringing through a theatre, the young girl-voice which had been penetrated, through and through, by this simple and haughty innocence!

It was the same with all things, small, mean, or false. Here, again, she hardly allowed, perhaps, for human frailty, nor, even, for the misunderstandings and confusions, that are so inevitable. Little blunders were apt to get magnified, friendships found themselves abruptly broken, sometimes. She had a very high

standard for her friends ; and woe to them if she suspected them of any lapse ! It was a difficult matter to recover her esteem.

All this idealism culminated in her intense conviction that her art was a gift of God, to be dedicated to His service. This belief was continually on her lips. "I have always put God first," she said, during her last days. It was this which you could feel in her pose, as she stood, high-strung and prophetic, to deliver a great theme, such as "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was this which was the key to her superb generosity to the sick and the suffering ; she was fulfilling her consecrated office towards them. It was this which sent her voice thrilling along the wards of the Brompton Hospital, where she loved to sing to those for whom she had herself built a whole wing. It was this which kindled all her enthusiasm for Mlle. Janotha, in whom she found a kindred mind,—Janotha who had said to her (she told me), "What is this 'world,' of which people speak ? I do not know what 'the world' is. I play for Jesus Christ."

Serious, and even sad, as was the deeper current of her life, I hope it will not be supposed that she was oppressive or stiff. She was full of warm affection. "There is nothing like Love," she wrote in a letter : and again, "It is the richest blessing, next to the Redemption, to love, and to love purely, without any selfish desire. I feel quite a pain in my heart to think I shall not see you for long." Her letters are full of such tendernesses. And she would in all happy hours of intimacy, throw out her whole heart in brimming gaiety. She was, when in spirits, all alive with play and fun ; she had a delicious, merry laugh ; and she could bubble with dancing delight. At such times as her Christmas-tree parties, for her children and friends, her merriment would be irrepressible. I still see her thumping out the "Swedish Dance" at the piano for us ; smiling with joy at the emphatic rhythm of stamping feet ; and then springing up to dance herself with all the brisk, bright playfulness of a child ; and I am reminded of her making on such an evening, the tallest man in the room, now a Judge, dance round with the tiniest little girl ; and how, in a pause, she came up suddenly to a friend, saying, "now I will dance with you !" and flew round in a valse herself. Her figure, though angular, was singularly full of grace and motion, and she danced beautifully. And how tenderly, on that evening, she marked a little deaf-and-dumb boy, and led him up, first of all the children to the tree, to

choose his present, and danced with him herself, and devoted herself to making the evening a happy one for him.

And one occasion remains ever in my memory, when she played the part of a maid in some children's theatricals at her own house at Wimbledon. I understood, then, the charm there must have been in her acting in old days. It was a little part, but how she made it tell! She had to show the sympathy of the domestic household with the little lovers, who were coming together in the front scene. And how she danced, and brimmed over with joy, behind them; and filled the room with her merry-hearted encouragement of the pair, who, it must be confessed, were a little timid and shy of each other! Or again, in latter days, it was delightful to find her in the country under Surrey Hills, with her daughter's children, to whom she was devoted; wrapped in some strange-coloured shawl, with a large yellow straw-hat flapping about her face, greeting one with both hands, stepping forward with feet that almost danced, and with all sorts of dramatic fun in her eyes and in her motions. Dear Madame! It was at such happy times that she left a vivid vision imprinted on the heart, such as no years can efface, nor earth ever replace.

Vivid! It is impossible not to use the word again and again. She was vivid in phrase and in gesture; that is what made her so surprising and delightful. "What was Mr. Grote like?" I asked her once, as she was telling me much of her intimacy in his house. "Oh! Mr. Grote, he was like a nice old bust in the corner; you could go and dust him!" Here are her directions to a young lady how, in singing, to pass from one note to another over an interval. "First, the brain!" with a finger laid on the forehead to express profound consideration of the note it is proposed to pass to. "Second, the Portmanteau!" with a gesture of the hands to express lifting the voice off the note it is on, picking it up, and carrying it right across with a sweep to a spot just above the note to be hit. "Then, the Pounce!" I am reminded, by one who was present, of a scene when some Americans were announced, seeking an interview. "What is it you want?" she asked, standing very erect. "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, we hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you, and making your acquaintance." "Well, here is my front!" Then (with a whisk round), "there is my back. Now," (with a deep curtsy) "you can go home, and say that you have seen me!" After her visitors had crept out abashed,

she was very penitent for having been at all rude. But she could not endure any impertinent curiosity ; and it was always a perilous experiment to introduce a stranger to her, lest she should suspect some motive in the introduction, when her coldness would be freezing. She hardly ever spoke a word about herself, her past life, her old interests and glories, even among those most intimate with her. And it will be felt how much this meant, when all of us were ready eagerly to catch up the slightest hint that might lead to her telling us something of the marvellous days behind her. Often I wondered to myself that I had never pressed her to speak on that most thrilling of all subjects, a great dramatic experience. But she was utterly unegotistical in such things ; her loftiness of temper kept her reticent and reserved ; and restrained us, too, from enquiries that might be impertinent. Looking back, I can only recall one tiny fragment of a story about herself, that she ever told me ; it dropped out, in a brief whisper, one night : how, when she was three or four years old, she could pick up the tunes from a band and make them out for herself on the piano. She used to do this when she thought herself alone. But, one day, the grandmother was in the next room, and, hearing the piano, called out the older sister's name, who was about seven. Little Jenny, in alarm at being caught, crept down and hid under the piano. The grandmother called again, and at last came in to see why there was no answer, and searched about, and finally dragged out the little creature, quaking, from her hiding-place. " Was that *you* playing ? " " Yes ! " said poor Jenny with tears, as if confessing a sin. " And the grandmother said nothing, but she looked, and looked at me ; and when the mother came in, she said, ' That child will do something for you some day. ' " As Madame told me the story, I could feel how that silent look of the grandmother had impressed her child-memory.

This reticence was surely a remarkable evidence of self-control in one who had to undergo that trial, which to all but the highest natures must be a severe strain on the moral tone—the trial of having passed the most triumphant achievements of her life before she was out of girlhood, and of having to watch her own fame and memory fade away before her eyes, out of the minds of new generations that knew her not. To a character less lofty than hers, the temptation to keep that fading past in perpetual view would have been inevitable, and incessant.

But, indeed, she had the most genuine spirit of unworldliness.

"Oh, Mrs. S——, how I pity you!" was her frank greeting to her hostess at a great garden-party. "Why, dear Madame Goldschmidt? I have got husband, children, everything that the world can give me." "Yes, I am so sorry for you, you have so much wealth!"

"I am far more proud (though proud is not the word!)" she wrote, "at having had a talent for rudder and oars, than a made name and position."

About three years ago she began to show ominous symptoms of some internal wrong. She had worked very hard in forming the School of Song in the new Royal College of Music, into which she had thrown her keenest energies; and she evidently was unable to bear the strain. Slowly the evil disclosed itself to be very grave indeed. She had to retire from her work, and spent two winters in the South of France. It was only in her later years that she had learned the splendours of Southern suns, and she had given them her enthusiastic love, and had fled from our sunless London grizzle to enjoy their delicious light again and again during the last fifteen years. Now, in her sickness, she turned again to the coast of Cannes, where she had been so happy. Her letters of farewell were deeply shadowed by her sense that the end was not to be far off. "I feel very strongly the beginning of the end," she wrote, "and think it a blessing to look forward to eternal rest. What is the whole miserable earthly life worth in comparison to one single glance at the Sinless, Holy Saviour?" And in a quaintly-sad letter, written before going abroad for this last winter, she says: "I feel almost inclined to say, 'Welcome, Death, my ugly friend!'"

The disease was one of miserable discomfort, even when it was not burdened with pain. Her children all came out to her, at Cannes, conscious that they could not hope to see her much longer here. Her devoted husband was ever near her in most faithful loyalty and love. She almost ceased to be able to see any one but him. In the summer she succeeded in creeping home to her beloved cottage on the Malvern Hills, where, after some months of most pitiful and severe sickness, she died.

Twice I had the privilege of seeing her there last October. The first time, it was just after a touching interview with two dear friends. She was half-lying on a couch in the verandah, and, seeing me, she beckoned me to her, and spoke in the sad strong strain to which I have already referred. I touched on the exquisite loveliness of her little home. "Yes," she said, "but

I am never to see a spring here. The three first springs I was at work at the College ; and now !” She told me a plaintive story of her last talk with Dean Stanley, to whom she had been bound by a long affectionate intimacy. She spoke of her last sight of Lady Augusta Stanley after her death ; and then she told me, with all her own vivid, emphatic brilliancy of gesture and look, of a scene which had evidently left on her an indelible impression of wonder and glory. She had gone to look on the face of her friend, Mrs. Nassau Senior, after death. The son of her friend had shown her the stairs, and pointed out the door of the room where the body lay, and put a candle in her hand, and left her. She pushed open the door and entered alone ; and there, before her, lay the face, fine and clear-cut, encompassed about with a mass of white flowers. On it was peace, and a smile, with the lips parted ; but that was not all. I must tell the rest in her own words. “It was not her *own* look that was in her face. It was the look of another, the face of another, that had passed into hers. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ. And I put down my candle, and I said, ‘Let me see this thing. Let me stop here always. Let me sit and look. Where are my children ? Let them come and see. Here is a woman who has seen Christ.’” I can never forget the dramatic intensity of her manner as she told me all this, and how she at last had to drag herself away, as from a vision, and to stumble down the stairs again.

The second and last time I saw her there, she was a little better, and looked less ashen in colour, and talked brightly. She spoke of her dear Swedish people, for whom she always had an enthusiastic admiration—spoke of their gifts, their great literature, their quick appreciation of artistic form and grace, their capacity for both good and evil. And then, she touched on Carlyle ; she and her husband had been reading the letters that passed between him and Goethe. And this led to his Autobiography and Life. She was indignant at its treatment by the world, who gossiped over it as if it only disclosed a domestic wrangle. It was this, she said, which had decided her to resist the importunities of friends, begging her to leave some record of herself. If Carlyle could be so miserably misunderstood, what hope had she of being better treated ? No, “let the waves of oblivion pass over my poor little life !” She would have talked on, but I was forced to leave ; and my last remembrance is of her kindly waving her hand in good-bye, as she sat in her great

chair, very white but still impressive and vigorous, with the sweet English hills and woods about her, steeped in delicious sunlight.

Shortly after, she became worse, and never left her bed again. She was almost too weak to speak ; but her daughter, who hardly ever left her during all this pitiful time, wrote to me that one morning as they drew the blinds to let her beloved sun stream in upon her, she sang three or four bars of Schumann's "An den Sonnenschein." She longed to die, and hoped eagerly that it might be on her birthday, October 6th ; but her great vitality dragged on the long struggle, and not until November 2, All Hallows Day, did her soul pass away, with a few soft sighs. She was buried amid the sweetest music, sung by the choirs in Malvern Abbey Church, and with wreaths and flowers which not only loaded the hearse, but filled a separate car. So they laid her body to rest under the Malvern Hills ; and "over her grave" (says one), "it seems as if the very birds would sing more sweetly than elsewhere." For the music in her was ever an inspiration, which lifted her, as the lark is carried heavenward by its song—the lark, her own chosen symbol, carved over her hosedoor, the lark, the winged thing that "singing ever soars," and "soaring ever sings." "What a gift is Art," she herself writes ; "music above all—when we understand, not to make it an idol, but to place it at the foot of the Cross, laying all our longings, sufferings, joys and expectations in a light of a dying and risen Saviour ! He alone—and surely nothing else—is the goal of all our intense longing, whether we know it or not."

Dear lady, great-hearted and high-souled ! She is gone ; and earth's ways seem strangely darkened to those who feel sadly sure that never, here, will they see or know anything like her again. For, indeed, she was of the great race of those who startle our common days by their free, fresh, beautiful originality. She was of those Pilgrim-souls, who move about this dim earth, possessed of a vision, which the world seems rather to baffle than fulfil. Happy, most happy, as she was, in a tender wedded love, she yet listened to the "sad music of Humanity" with a troubled disquiet ; and for her it is far better to have passed into that land which brings the sweet boon of sleep to those that, dying in the Lord, rest from their labours : and, which, beyond the sleep again, is loud with music—the voice of harpers harping on their harps, the voice of those who sing the new song, which none can know but those who are redeemed from among men.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND.

Irish Secret Societies.



ONE of the arguments often used by those who are anxious to preserve the influence of the National League in Ireland, and who denounce all measures calculated to suppress it, is that it is an open association, and forms, so to speak, a safety-valve through which the agitation can blow off the superfluous steam of excitement which is pent up in the country. By closing this valve, they say, the agitation is continued under far more ruinous conditions than before, and the formation of Secret Societies is the result. They point to the Invincible Club, and to the numerous Moonlighting associations which rose into being when the Government began to grapple with the Land League, in justification of their argument; and they assert that the present Crimes Act will have the effect of driving the agitation underground, and will lead to worse results than if the League were allowed to have its full swing.

The argument is attractive to the British people, whose deep-seated and somewhat fanatical faith in the right of public speaking almost amounts to a belief that human liberty depends upon the free exercise of this practice. Hence power is with difficulty obtained from a democratic Parliament to restrain public utterances, even when they are outrageous, and when their effect is disastrous; hence also there is considerable hesitation in suppressing an organization which is obeyed in certain parts of the country; and the more is this the case, since it is to some extent true that the immediate but temporary consequence of such action will be an effort to form Secret Societies, to carry on the movement which the League is obliged to relinquish. To those, however, who have studied the Irish at home, and who have especially watched the present agitation, it will be apparent that the argument is misleading. It is a

mere half statement of facts, and, like every other appeal made by the disaffected in Ireland to the generosity of their fellow-countrymen in England, it is captivating on the surface, but devoid of all solidity or force when examined.

The National League, the so-called public organization which its promoters desire to see in a flourishing condition, is scarcely an open Association at all, nor is it an Irish production. It was created, as every one is aware, in a foreign land; and there it is fed, maintained, and directed by aliens, whose designs are not known, and whose ultimate aims are concealed from our scrutiny. It is not unlike the Jacobin Club, which worked such havoc in France; and if the methods it employs are immoral and destructive to society, as has been abundantly proved, it is but the weakest pedantry to allow it to exist simply because in some respects it copies associations which are innocuous. The people in large districts have given their allegiance to this League, but it is far from being the expression of their own desires. They did so because of the large bribes it offered to their cupidity, and when once entrapped, they were powerless to resist its tyranny. Their legitimate rulers, whatever may have been the cause, were not strong enough, or did not consistently show their power; and in Ireland the habit is to follow the party which can coerce in the most forcible manner. Hence the League grew into importance, and such is the pressure exercised, that the very clergy are swept into the net, and having once committed themselves, they are now the most ardent advocates of a policy which is repugnant to the religion they profess.

During the General Election of 1885 an event took place—not, I dare say, known to many—which exemplifies the moral servitude of the people. It will be remembered that the Parnellite faction, anxious to increase their Parliamentary power, held so-called County Conventions for the selection of suitable candidates to represent the new constituencies in the reformed Parliament. The men so chosen were nominees of the National party, and all had to sign a declaration, by which they agreed to sit, vote, and act with the majority of the party, or else to resign the seat. For North Roscommon the candidate selected was Mr. O'Kelly; but as the election approached, another person, and an ardent Nationalist too, presented himself as his rival for Parliamentary honours. This person was accused of wishing to break the unity which existed in Ireland for selfish considerations, and for a time he was viewed with disfavour by some;

but, as far as I am aware, he was not subjected to the fierce attacks with which, in another constituency, another Nationalist was assailed, who, in stern reality, had set himself up against the leaders of the Irish party. He was permitted to conduct his canvass freely, and at the poll he got a certain amount of support, but was hopelessly beaten all the same. And now the successful candidate, in returning thanks to the constituency for his election, made a declaration of great interest and importance. He told the people that his opponent was no opponent at all, but that the National League had played a trick upon North Roscommon, and had deliberately put up a rival in order to test the discipline of the free and independent Irish elector. The rival Nationalist, in fact, had not pleased himself in this matter; he had been confidentially asked to stand, and in a generous spirit of self-sacrifice, which all would of course appreciate, he consented to do so, and to bear with the obloquy which this step might entail upon him. He acted his part well, and appeared to do his best to succeed; but while this little game was being played, the wire-pullers in Dublin sent down secret instructions to the local branches, to the effect that in certain polling districts Nationalists were to vote for the rival, and in the rest they were to support the candidate whose return was really to be secured. By the results of the poll it could afterwards be seen how these instructions had been obeyed, and in what sort of order the people were. Mr. O'Kelly told his hearers, amidst their applause, that the test was completely successful, and that the voting had been as was expected from them; he congratulated them upon their discipline; he said he was proud of them, and henceforth they might consider themselves to be the faithful and obedient soldiers of their great leader.

In only one County was a real attempt made to contest the authority of the dominant faction. In Louth a zealous Nationalist did not agree in all things with the leader, and it became necessary to crush him, notwithstanding the fact that he had represented the County for some time, and had supported the popular movement with energy and ability. To do this successfully and emphatically, an absolute stranger was selected, a man who did not live in Ireland at all—the manager of a music-hall, I believe—but who gloried in the deeds of violence which the Fenians some twenty years ago had committed in the North of England. The struggle in Louth was a genuine one, and victory was scored by the stranger; so that in a Catholic district, where

Secret Societies and their works are forbidden under pain of excommunication, a person who showed his sympathy with these works was selected to serve in Parliament, simply because it was the fiat of the League, whose word is supreme.

Living as we do in a peaceable and free land, we can with difficulty realize this condition of things, because we have little or no conception of the terror which prevails in Ireland during periods of agitation. Here, when a reform is proposed, men publicly advocate their cause, and, if the demand is generally taken up, it becomes a question which is fairly and reasonably discussed by those who are interested in it, either one way or the other. But in Ireland another tone prevails. Outside Ulster there is no free public opinion in the country, as an Englishman would understand it. No man dare think or act for himself. Minorities have no rights; they are trampled upon, and, if necessary, coerced; their only duty is to swell the voice and power of the majority, and to give it a force it could never obtain elsewhere. Nor by majority is a numerical majority meant; because in many cases the ruling spirit in the country has not the independent support of those who can reckon the largest number of heads. It is the dominant faction, by the noise they make, the fear they instil, the resistance they overcome, who hold the power, and to whom every one is supremely subservient. When a candidate has to be elected for a constituency, the voters are obliged to support the man who is imposed upon them; when branches of the League are established, those who dislike it have to submit and applaud; when cases are tried before the irresponsible Land League Courts, the people have to carry out the verdict; when boycotting is practised, all must join in it; and when the moonlighter prowls through the country, bent on pillage or murder, none dare inform the guardians of the law.

We need scarcely look closely into the causes which have produced so direful and indeed disgraceful a state of things. No doubt it is partly due to the character of the people and partly to their misfortunes. They have not had time yet to become friendly to any of the Governments that have ruled them, and unfortunately they have never had confidence in the law, which at one time governed them harshly, and then again gave them too much latitude, and too little protection, by way of compensation. A passionate and warm-hearted race, they blindly follow whoever can appeal to their imagination; a sensitive, but an exclusive race, they are deeply influenced by

what is said of them in their own vicinity, but they are absolutely callous to the opinion of the rest of mankind. A want of purpose, a weakness of disposition pervades them, and they are none of them able to stand alone.

It is not strange that a people of their temperament and with their history should have become the prey to government by associations, which, whether they are secret or so-called open leagues, are all constituted upon the same model. These associations seek to rule the people by a tyranny which would be intolerable elsewhere, and to enrol all under one banner, whether they like it or not, for the purpose of giving money and importance to those who lead the revolution against social order. In this endeavour, as we know too well, they have been eminently successful. The Secret Societies give their countenance and assistance to the one which at the present moment is dominant in Ireland; they are perhaps disowned, but their object is to render all government impossible, and to furnish the National League with a vigilance police to enforce its decrees, and, if necessary to cover the country with a local banditti of midnight marauders, against whom the unfortunate people dare not complain. Without this alliance with the diabolical agencies of Secret Societies the influence of the League would be small and unimportant, and notwithstanding the fact of being necessarily denounced by the Church to which the majority of the Irish belong, yet up to the present they have been the most potent lever in disorganizing society in Ireland. It is then ridiculous to pretend that at a time when reform follows reform, and when every grievance has but to be stated to be swept away by an indulgent Parliament, any safety-valve is necessary to relieve the overburdened heart of the Irish peasant.

Of the National League that oppresses the people we already know a great deal; its cruel work, its zealous propaganda, its socialistic principles, its assaults upon the liberty of men and its coercion to make them immoral. Of Secret Societies, at once the servants and the masters of the League, we also know something, and we have unfortunately seen a portion of their handiwork. What perhaps we do not know is the manner in which these societies recruit their rank and file. An instance of the pressure brought to bear even upon those who are tolerably well educated, and who should have had power to resist, will perhaps best illustrate how the devilish game is often played, and how

powerless is an Irish victim when once ensnared to resist the toils that surround him.

Not long ago, two clerks belonging to a mercantile house in Dublin were walking together in the suburbs of the town, and having by accident jostled a stranger, the three men got into conversation for a few moments. The stranger proposed a drink, and the hospitable offer was accepted. What exactly took place it is impossible to say, for in telling the story afterwards the young dupes were probably not indisposed to minimise the imprudence of their action. At all events before they parted company the two friends must have gone through some form or ceremony binding them to a Secret Society, which at the time they thought was a performance done in jest. At the moment of saying good-bye the stranger told them in a serious manner that they would shortly receive their orders, and soon enough they came, for in a few days they were told to go to a certain spot in a named street, and at a time that was also mentioned. No reason was assigned which required their presence, and although somewhat alarmed at the missive, they agreed that it was best to take no notice of it.

Next day, however, they were startled by a still more imperative message, telling them clearly that if they did not obey their lives would be forfeit, that they belonged to a Secret Society which they had duly joined, that its orders were not to be neglected with impunity, and that the following day, mentioning time and place, they were to be on the spot without fail. Alarmed at this summons they now complied, and having arrived at the appointed rendezvous, they found their late acquaintance, who gave them distinctly to understand that they would get into very serious trouble if they did not exactly follow out the instructions given to them; that upon this occasion, if they promised to be loyal and obedient to the Society, this first offence would be overlooked, but that they would be for some time longer under the close supervision of the organization until the heads were satisfied with their conduct. At the same time they were told to post themselves at a certain place, and to watch for a particular person who was likely to pass that way; on seeing him, they were ordered to wave a handkerchief, and then to go home quietly. Trembling, and scarcely knowing what to do, they proceeded to the spot indicated, and waited loitering about; but the victim did not appear, and after some time they were dismissed with

another caution to beware how they spoke of the day's proceedings.

For a few days more they were left in peace, and they tried to forget their late adventure as if it had been some bad dream, until another summons reached them. They now got very seriously alarmed indeed ; they pretended to be ill ; they shut themselves up in their lodgings, and admitted no one until the parish priest in going his rounds made his way into the house. He found the two unfortunate youths prostrate with terror, and living by candlelight with the shutters closed, so that outside passengers might imagine there was no one in the house. They told him their grief, and said that they were determined to fly under assumed names to the Colonies, and to bury their identity in a new world. The priest approved of this resolution, and helped them to get away without exciting suspicion ; their flight was shortly afterwards satisfactorily managed, and never again in all probability will they be able to return.

To our ears the whole story is incredible. It would pass anyone's comprehension who lives at ease in peaceable England, enjoying the enlightened and luxurious civilization which the nineteenth century has produced, to think that the fears of these young men had any foundation in fact. The whole affair would be considered as an ill-timed, clumsy hoax, and if any truth could be imagined in the business, the police and the public press would have set it right, to the discomfiture of those who had ventured upon commanding another man to give up his liberty and his conscience. But to those who know Ireland, her unresisting weakness, and the dark forces that are at work in her midst, there is nothing to make the story an impossibility ; and if the victims did not appeal for protection to the public guardians of society, it was simply because they had no confidence in the authorities. They feared that there would be no power in the arm of the Government effectually to defend them from their secret and redoubtable enemies, and even more they dreaded to be branded with the name "informer,"—a name so hated and yet so common in the country. It is evident, too, that an impartial and unthreatened friend like the priest must have shared their views ; in his opinion the wolves were really abroad, and neither the power of the law nor the good feeling of the people could effectually shield these young men from danger or reproach, if they stood their ground and faced the peril their imprudence had occasioned them.

It will never be known how many men have been and are entrapped into oath-bound murder clubs ; how many join them willingly from a spirit of brutal perverseness, and how many are gradually corrupted and then plunge headlong into the crimes which are proposed to them. One of the prominent members of the "Invincibles" was a man who was known to be of a very religious turn of mind. Every day he was seen at his devotions in a particular church in Dublin, and his presence there was so regular that he became well known by sight to the frequenters of the place of worship. After a time he left off going to this church, and it was thought that he had changed his lodgings ; but this was not so. He appears to have got into the company of the promoters of Secret Societies, and gradually they tempted him to leave his religion for one of the foulest and most degraded organizations that has perhaps ever been known. The tempters in these cases adopt various ways to secure their prey. Sometimes they bully and literally entrap, sometimes they appeal to the enthusiasm and to the heated imagination of their dupe already flushed with drink, and sometimes they entice him by the most abominable method conceivable,—by a sacrilegious show of religion. Every effort is made to obtain suitable recruits, men who will blindly obey and promote with energy and without any scruple the "cause" which the association has in view.

If the number of the active promoters of these nefarious societies, and of those who are the tools of the leaders, is small, the fear they establish is great, and with difficulty is evidence to be obtained against them. The fact that the real heads who direct the operations of the rank and file keep themselves carefully out of harm's way and beyond the grasp of the law, is a sufficient proof that they at least have no exalted idea of the justice of their acts. If there were enthusiasm in their cause, even of the most perverted kind, we should at least see some self-sacrifice ; but where there are no martyrs, there can be no mistaken fanaticism to account for their schemes or to ennoble their life. Nor are the rank and file any better in this respect. The broken-down ruffians who compose the underground forces of the Irish revolution know well that the only danger they have to face is from themselves, and that from the people at large, as long as their reign lasts, they will get the amplest protection, even when they are most cruel towards them. This is a characteristic of the Irish, who have been in the past so demora-

lized by unequal laws that nothing will induce them to give up to the authorities monsters who prey upon them, and whose coercion is at present considered to be more puissant and more searching than the arm of the law. In no other way can the reluctance of the people to give up criminals be accounted for, and it is well to remark that the criminals spoken of are not only those who enforce by outrage the "unwritten law" of the National League by punishing "landgrabbers" and the like, but include also men who have committed ordinary crimes. It is natural, of course, that where society is dislocated, and where even the clergy—the natural guardians of morality—encourage the people to resist the law, in order that a certain policy may be pursued, the evil will not end there, but that all sorts of ruffianism will be rampant.

Early in 1882, I remember being in one of the midland counties of Ireland ; on going out one morning I happened to pass a police barrack, where I saw a young lad holding a rough-looking pony and talking to a constable ; the only words I heard were from the latter, who asked the boy "if there was much blood about." Not being accustomed to this sort of thing, I took no notice and thought no more of it, until on returning to the hotel I heard of one of the murders having occurred, which by-and-bye we all got so accustomed to read in the morning's news. It appeared that a stranger entered a cottage about eight o'clock in the morning and fired his revolver at two women who were standing in the kitchen ; he missed his first shot, and the terrified women retreated into a back room, barricading the door as best they could ; but the ruffian pressed against it until he had made a slight opening, and through this he continued to shoot until he thought he had hit them both. One of them he killed, but the other escaped. He then went to another little room, where he found the third inmate of the house, a woman also, in bed, and he deliberately fired at her, wounding her in the shoulder. Having now discharged his pistol he walked coolly away.

The outrage was reported to the police within an hour, as I have mentioned above, and every effort was made by them to arrest the culprit, but without success. It was known that this crime was wholly unconnected with the land and with any of the "wrongs of Ireland ;" it was believed to be due to private revenge, or some other similar cause, but even then the people would not assist the law, and little or no sympathy was shown

for the family. It was curious to observe the demeanour of the inhabitants of the town within the close proximity of which the outrage took place. All knew of it, but there was absolutely no indignation roused when in the immediate vicinity of a populous place a woman had been butchered with impunity; there was little or no interest apparently excited among the numerous loafers who stand sunning themselves in the corners of the streets. All seemed to be impressed with the idea that if they spoke they might be betraying some friend, or perhaps be the means of causing trouble to some "patriot" who was engaged in clearing their country from the brutal yoke of the Saxon!

There was one very singular sequence to this outrage, of which I only heard afterwards. The day it was committed, or the next day, was a holiday and there was a large attendance at Church. The priest alluded to the murder in his sermon, and very properly denounced it in plain language which could not be misunderstood even by his congregation. What was curious, however, was the way he treated the identity of the murderer. He told his listeners that he was quite sure no man from the County had committed this crime; if he thought this possible never again would he ascend his pulpit and preach to them; in fact he let it be understood that a mere stranger had invaded the district and had gone away again, and that his capture was no concern of theirs. So that, after having heard this discourse, the people went away with the comfortable thought of having denounced an unknown ruffian whose future proceedings were nothing to them.

In normal times murders for private revenge or other personal reasons are far more rare among the Irish than elsewhere, on account of the natural virtue of the people. But in moments of disturbance they increase in very alarming proportions, and this is due in a great measure to the attitude of the people. Elsewhere a ruffian usually trusts to himself alone, and the hand of the rest of the community is against him; in Ireland we have heard of wretches who hire themselves out for the purpose of ridding injured or spiteful individuals of those who are in their way. We have heard of ten shillings being an ample fee for this style of work, the victim being an obnoxious relation of the person who paid the money. Transactions of this sort, although of course not common, take place apparently without much fear of detection, and seem to be settled in the same business-like way as if a contract were being made for the destruction of vermin. Perhaps

the most striking example to illustrate the strange state of things that arises in Ireland when the country is given over to the anarchy of agitation occurred some years ago, before the present movement, but at a time when disturbance was rife.

A famous cut-throat, I believe he went by the name of "Ryan Puck," was the terror of the district in which he lived. He would shoot a man for a glass of whisky, and his usual practice was to enter boldly at night the cottage where he was to do his work, and presenting his pistol, name the person whose life he meant to take. If there was a struggle he killed his man at once, and made off, and he always had the best of the encounter ; but if there was no row, he magnanimously gave ten minutes' law to the victim, to enable him "to make his sowl," as he called it, after which he executed him. Of course an active search was made by the police for this redoubtable wretch, but the strange thing is that the people would never assist the officers of the law, and frequently they threw them off the scent when they were close upon his heels. It was after a long delay that at last they received information that the man they wanted was to be found in a certain cottage, and there they went very cautiously at night in the hope of surprising him. Loudly protesting, the peasant insisted that Ryan Puck was not near the place ; but luckily the police had brought a search-warrant with them, and they looked into every hole and corner until they found and captured the villain, carefully hidden away on the top of an old four-poster bed, and covered with rubbish that was hastily thrown there to conceal him. Thus was he taken, in spite of the passionate remonstrance of those who might some day have felt the force of his lawlessness, and eventually he paid the penalty by being hanged for his crimes.

Now these incidents are necessary to illustrate an important fact. The Irish are by no means the savages that might be inferred ; it is to malign them to pretend that they really sympathise with crime, or enjoy the terror practised upon them. Their affections are warm and their domestic virtues great ; but they have been brought up from early childhood to believe that the old days of penal laws are still in existence, and that no confidence is to be placed in the authorities by whom they are governed. They have little force of individuality and no independence of character, and are so easily tyrannised over that they are afraid to make any complaint lest they should be punished for so doing. We all know that if a

drunken man strikes his wife or treats her cruelly, those who interfere to protect the woman often get abused if not assaulted by the two. As the woman is the slave of the man in this case, and dare not accept protection lest worse should happen to her, so is the Irish peasant under the intolerable servitude of those who have obtained the mastery over him. These are some of the causes why the people are handed over to the tender mercies of every agitator that visits them, and while in former days the clergy had some influence for good, and did their best with much success to preserve their flocks from the evils that encompassed them, now having been forced to join a revolutionary propaganda they have lost their power, and are mere puppets in the hands of men whose aim is their destruction as well as the destruction of all social order.

How far this country is to blame I need not now particularly enquire, but if there is one thing certain it is surely this ; that if the Catholic priests in Ireland were Buddhist Lamas or Mahometan Imaums, more attention would have been paid to them, and greater efforts made to secure their loyalty. We should not at least have left their chief as severely alone as we have left the Pope, and we should have come to some understanding with the head of their religion, at least with regard to their education and to their support. In Ireland, however, we thought we could afford to neglect these matters. The young men destined for the priesthood are brought up in an Institution partly maintained by public money, which in the words of one of them,—who forgot that its business is to turn out good priests,—“is a fine place to turn out Irishmen,” and when ordained, their entire support is dependent upon the goodwill of those to whom they minister.

What strange and dangerous vagaries some priests indulge in,—men too, as I know well, who are full of zeal for their sacred calling, but who are carried away by the force of early training and by the false fervour which an agitation produces,—can be best exemplified by the following tale. It does not exactly bear upon the thread of my argument, but it shows the delusions of some individuals of an influential class, and how sad it is that their general education and tone should not purify the whole body from such exceptions. It will be remembered that the present Pope a few years ago circulated an Encyclical Letter directed against Secret Societies. It was issued as usual to the Bishops, and promulgated by the Clergy,

so that the whole Catholic world should be conversant with its contents. A near relation of mine happened to be in a Church in Ireland one Sunday when the document was ordered to be read, and at the appointed time the priest got into the pulpit. He said he would not read through the text, as his congregation would probably not understand it; and in this he was right, for generally they were ignorant people, poor peasants, labourers, small village shop-keepers. He would expound the Encyclical to them instead.

He began fairly enough, and said that the Holy Father's object was to warn the people from the malign influence of Secret Societies. But in reply to the question, "What is a Secret Society?" he answered "Freemasonry." Thus he left out of account all those organizations which are really a temptation to the Irish, Fenianism and the like,—organizations which every one knows are terribly noxious to the laws of God and of man—and contented himself by naming only that one which is absolutely unknown among the Irish poor, which in these countries at least is unlike its counterpart upon the Continent, and which, as far as its acts here are concerned, is not a harmful institution. Having now illustrated one of Æsop's fables, he continued it by showing his congregation, apparently on the Pope's authority, what sins their neighbours had committed, when perhaps some people might think that a preacher should rather think of the sins of those who were listening. But not so our Irish preacher, for having expatiated on the evils of Freemasonry, he went on to tell the people that the adepts of this terrible sect indulged in fearful practices and in ghastly orgies. "Now what do you think they do when they meet together?" he continued, warming to his subject. "They have a banquet, and on the table there is a skull, and in the skull there is *blood*—red—wine,"—a great emphasis on the '*blood*'—"*which they drink together.*" Having now worked up the ignorant people, who hung upon his lips, to a great pitch of interest and horror at the supposed debauch, he proceeded; "and who do you think is the head of these shocking sectaries? None other,"—and I grieve to say there was a tone of triumph in the words—"none other than the Prince of Wales, *your future King!*"

And now to return, and to come to the other side of the picture. If in Ireland the inevitable result of agitation is crime, and if again the immediate effect of suppressing this agitation is

an increased amount of it, what will be the end of the present struggle now going on between the Government and the National League? It is seldom wise to speculate concerning future events, but we can be sure of one thing, that if the Government will vigorously and consistently pursue the policy which they expounded when they got the sanction of Parliament to a modification in the Criminal Law, they must and will succeed at no distant date in shattering the present conspiracy which has been hatched in America against the United Kingdom. It is merely necessary to show that the Law shall be obeyed, and that all those who oppose it will inevitably be punished, whether they lead the people to commit crime by violent and seditious speeches, or whether they take part in the outrages so long a disgrace to the country. No one is more quick than an Irishman to perceive which is the stronger, the Government or the agitation, and if those who now have legitimate authority put forth their strength reasonably but firmly against all who break the law, it will not be long before the peasant will appreciate this vigour, turn from those who have deceived him, and go back to his normal quiet and peaceable occupations.

Notwithstanding the care with which the people protect their tyrants, a judicious exercise of the powers which the Irish Executive possesses under the Crimes Act has always proved to be sufficient to break up the bands of brigands who infest the land. The Invincibles held their own for a long time, they displayed apparently the greatest unconcern for themselves, they murdered in broad daylight and in the most public places, and they relied upon the moral cowardice of the people, whom they knew they could trust, not to hunt them down. But once the police got these men into their grasp, the whole position changed as if by magic, and the difficulty almost then was to restrain them all from turning informers to save their necks. Everywhere else, where secret societies had their banditti abroad, outraging and terrorising over the unfortunate country people, did the same thing happen; one after another were these organizations attacked, and if they were not wholly destroyed, at least their power for evil was scotched; evidence then seemed to accumulate, and it was not long before crime came to be an expensive occupation. It had therefore to be given up. This was the result of the administration of Lord Spencer, whose arrival in Ireland occurred at so critical a moment, but who left the country almost entirely free from violence.

When, early in 1883, a raid was made upon the Invincible Club, and some sixteen or seventeen persons were put into the dock on the charge of conspiring to murder Government officials and others, few believed that the real culprits were seized. They were respectable-looking men, most of them of the artizan class, while some seemed to be in a still better condition of life. Their demeanour was that of injured innocence, and they chatted together apparently wholly unconcerned at the fearful charge that hung over them. In a few minutes the magistrate took his place, and almost simultaneously a man was conducted by a warder into the witness-box from the back of the Court where he had been concealed. Those who watched the prisoners on that occasion could see what a shock it gave them to see one of their own band suddenly and unexpectedly produced against them; immediately was the witness recognized, for an almost audible, "It's Farrell," ran through the dock; but they became quickly aware of their mistake, and soon recovered their self-possession, and acted their former part of unconcern at the proceedings. It was Farrell the informer who first appeared against them, and valuable evidence he gave, notwithstanding the derisive laughter which the prisoners indulged in when one of them was named by him. The same scenes followed when Kavanagh, the Invincible car-driver, was one day put into the witness-box instead of being ushered as usual into the dock; and again to a far greater extent when their ringleader Carey turned approver, and gave evidence against the very men who had been his dupes and his instruments of evil.

His evidence is well known, and it was valuable to show the real and inner working of the diabolical society whose movements had so seriously at one time baffled the efforts of the authorities. When Carey appeared in the witness-box, excitement was at its highest pitch, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that had he afterwards been put among his former allies, even as a prisoner, he would have been torn to pieces before the very eyes of the magistrate who was examining the case. After his evidence, a significant passage of conversation took place between the new witness and those who remained in the dock. "You perjured scorpion," said the latter, in the extremity of their confusion and distress; "you have sold us, and would sell your very soul:" to which the wretched informer replied, "I have only done what every one of you wished to forestall me in doing."

And this was literally true. There was only one man among them, numerous as they were, and the sworn and avowed enemies, even to the death, as they professed themselves, of all that was British, who was not prepared to sell himself and the small vestige of perverse honour that remained to him, by turning informer. The solitary exception was Brady, a sort of ferocious animal, to whom the knives were always entrusted, and whose arm it was that inflicted the deadly blows. Beyond this man, who, strange to say, seemed, notwithstanding his brutality, to have had some glimmering generosity and some genuine courage in his composition, one and all were panting to betray the guilt of their accomplices, and to save themselves at the expense of their partners in crime.

Now what does this show? It shows, if any proof were required, that members of Irish murder clubs and of Irish brigand bands have absolutely no belief—no perverted faith—in the rectitude of their cause. They differ widely from the Nihilist, who as far as we can judge of him is an immoral enthusiast, but still an enthusiast who profoundly believes in the cause he has espoused. A Nihilist stands by his friend in misfortune, and is true to his fellow-conspirator to the death. If he falls, he is staunch to his sect, he keeps faith with it, he spurns the mercy of his enemies and meets his fate bravely. Anarchist though he be, he believes in his *culte*, and fears not the vengeance that overtakes him. But in Ireland there is nothing of this spirit; there is no enthusiasm, no fanaticism, no mistaken courage to compare with it. The idea of self-sacrifice is alien to the movement, the feeling of reality does not exist, and the virtue of fortitude is conspicuously absent when danger approaches. There is nothing to ennoble the methods by which the agitation is conducted, nothing to enlist the sympathy of the generous. The degraded members of Irish Secret Societies know perfectly well that their life is a life of wilful crime, and they never scruple to avow it, and save themselves by treachery the moment the necessity arises. Hence indeed do the disaffected Irish lament over the “informer,” and curse his existence; he is the living proof of the iniquity of their cause and of the turpitude of their designs. Hence, too, sprang the absolute necessity that the life of Carey should be taken, to prove to all men that the informer's life is forfeit, and that nothing can save him from the vengeance of his fellows. And hence the memory of Carey's murderer is

revered by some, who have not hesitated to desecrate the public cemetery near Dublin by a monument which emblazons his virtue and perpetuates his fame.

No class of Irish offender is prepared to suffer for his creed. We were told, during the debates on the Crimes Act, that the prisons would be full to overflowing, and that those loving Ireland would rush *en masse* to their doom, as martyrs flock to the stake. But the martyrs are "on the run," and they now avoid the reality of the Act with the same energy and determination as that with which they announced their intention of becoming its victims, while its terror was still afar and before it became law. Such is the value of their constancy—such the measure of their faith. The "patriots" may indeed make their money, wring their support and their testimonials from the needy hands that have to contribute to their luxury; they may gain power and influence, and they may defy the authorities, when it is safe to do so; but there is one thing they cannot do, they cannot face with equanimity the consequences of their acts; they therefore resort to every subterfuge to escape the punishment that is awarded to them, and when they get it their chagrin knows no bounds.

And yet it is this despicable conspiracy that has enthralled Ireland and deceived England. A conspiracy, partly constitutional in its outward appearance and partly secret in its organization, has produced this evil. A state of affairs really exists which was supposed to be dead and gone in the Middle Ages, but is not extinct in an island under the close and immediate rule of England. The country, in fact, is under the spell of another Vehmgericht, and in many places is it infested by brigands that would be a disgrace to Turkey. And yet some vigour can put down this mischief, can restore order and make the Irish free to accept the reforms and benefits which have been necessarily so long delayed. The question before us is therefore simple and clear. Shall we liberate this people from those that fatten upon their misfortunes and thrive upon their necessities, or shall we abandon them to the foul conspiracy which has mastered them? shall we develop their civilization, or precipitate the civil war which must otherwise arise between the conflicting elements to be found in an important and integral portion of the United Kingdom?

JOHN ROSS-OF-BLADENSBURG.

The Unemployed.

II.—ENGLISH LABOUR DISPLACED BY FOREIGN PAUPER IMMIGRANTS.

DURING the last month events have marched apace. We have seen in the streets, in Trafalgar Square, on Clerkenwell Green, and in Hyde Park, processions and assemblies of men professing to represent the unemployed, and more especially the unemployed of the East End. I see no reason to withdraw or even to modify what I wrote four weeks ago with regard to existing distress.

I believe there is no exceptional distress. I am fortified in my opinion by the utterance of the Lord Mayor in his letter and appeal published in the daily papers, after consultation with the members of the Mansion House Committee which two years ago reported on the Metropolitan poverty. I have ascertained from representatives of the Societies which exist in connection with the Trades Unions, that there is no recognisable diminution of employment for skilled or unskilled hands, and that no more are unemployed than is usual at this time of the year. But when all this has been said, the fact remains that there does exist distress which is caused by want of employment, and exists to an extent which renders it incumbent on us to endeavour to discover the cause, as the first necessary step to discover the remedy.

I sincerely hope the behaviour of the loafers who have paraded themselves as the unemployed will not prejudice the case of those who would work if employment were to be had, and who witness with dismay the stream of charity diverted from them, and spent to maintain in idleness, or something worse than idleness, men who have hardly done an honest day's work in their lives. I do not say that no man suffering from in-

voluntary idleness is to be found in the mass that marched to Trafalgar Square or Clerkenwell Green ; but very few of this class thus parade their distress, or think it is by such demonstrations their circumstances can be bettered. A representative working man, and an ardent Radical, said the other day, "It is not by the display of political emblems or by organised terrorism the real working men will ever seek to remedy their grievances or improve their condition."

But down in these parts, that is in the East End of London, there is grievous distress, and it is contended that it is largely caused by the immigration of foreigners, who displace the English labourer. That such immigration has been flowing in upon us no one can gainsay who has any acquaintance with Spitalfields, Whitechapel, Mile End New Town, and St. George's-in-the-East. Nor can it be denied that the majority of these immigrants who land at the port of London are very poor, and oftentimes the very refuse, if I may be allowed such a term, of the countries from which they come.

According to the statistics furnished by Mr. Charles Booth, there are in the East End, besides other foreigners, over 40,000 Jews, and of these 28,000 are located in the Whitechapel Union. The same authority states, "The numbers now arriving are less than they have been ; but certain districts are overrun, and the effect has been to flood many established trades with unhealthy cheap labour. Miserably destitute themselves, they also increase the destitution of their own people. The Jewish Board are fully cognisant of this deplorable state of things, and have made great exertions to check the influx, or to send back or send further those who come." Writing of the Russian Poles, who are recognised as a separate and now very large section of the East End population, he adds : "They arrive destitute, often without the knowledge of any trade, and for a long time they know no language but their own ; they naturally resort to the quarters already occupied by those speaking the same language . . . who share with the newcomers their wretched accommodation and ill-paid work. The result is an aggravation of every evil ; the condition of the houses becomes indescribable, and the slavery of the sweating system is intensified."

It must be borne in mind that the "sweating system" is closely connected with the Jews, especially the poor Jews, and Mr. Charles Booth observes, "it has its base in the character of those whose labour it employs." These are incapable of working

on the system of the disciplined factory, and the result is long hours of work in close, ill-ventilated houses for a bare subsistence. It is unnecessary to point out how this interferes with English labour.

A Committee of the Whitechapel Guardians of the Poor has recently considered and reported upon the question of the continued immigration of foreign poor into the Metropolis. This passage occurs in the report :—

“There can be no doubt that the number of foreign residents—chiefly very poor—is largely on the increase, and that every year sees some new locality, or localities, invaded by the foreigners and abandoned by the English poor. . . . It is not a redistribution of poor . . . it is the immigration into the district of a class of foreign poor, who seem heretofore to have existed on the mere border-land of civilization, who are content with any shelter, and to share that shelter with as many of their class as can be crowded into it. They fill with dismay, and almost with despair, those who are giving their lives to improve the condition of the poor, not forgetting the Sanitary Authorities, whose laws they neither appreciate nor understand. Overcrowding, in turn, leads to a keen competition for possession of tenements, to exorbitant rents being demanded and paid, and to a general moral deterioration.”

This is a very serious indictment of the policy that permits unregulated immigration. I believe I am correct in saying that no other European State allows foreigners to invade its territories after this manner, and without the slightest apparent concern as to the future of the immigrants, or the consequences to its own industrial population of this wholesale addition to its numbers. I remember how, when the immigration was greater than usual, and the inflow promised still to continue, the friends of these immigrants determined to send back to Hamburg a cargo that had arrived in the Thames. They had no difficulty as to the voyage across the water, but not one of the returning voyagers was permitted to land ! We know how these matters are managed across the Atlantic by the Government of the United States. The community there is carefully protected against the invasion which the Government of the old country does not even recognize as affecting the interests of the people. It is a startling fact that our Government is unable to give any reliable information as to the number or condition of the shoals of pauper foreigners who discharge themselves at the port of

London! When emigration and colonization are advocated as the remedies to which we should look to relieve the stagnation of the labour market, the natural response down here, of those who are fit to go forth and seek their fortunes in another land, is, "why should we go and foreigners come; why should we be compelled to expatriate ourselves to make room for a swarm of aliens?"

Now I believe that this entrance of foreign poor into the country has depreciated the value of labour in many departments of trade, and has brought ruin and disaster upon many struggling English poor, and added to the burden of the English rate-payer. When the rate-payer's grievance is put forward, the reply is often made, "Do your statistics prove that any considerable portion of this alien body are applicants for either out-door or in-door relief?" My contention is that the burden of the rate-payer is increased, though the aliens do not come upon the rates themselves, if they make involuntary paupers of the natives of the soil; and that they do thus augment the class that becomes dependent on the poor-law, or must live in destitution or semi-starvation, I have no manner of doubt.

I am aware of the contention that these immigrants have indirectly benefited English labour by introducing some industry new to England. For example, it is said that certain kinds of dancing-shoes are made by foreign workmen at a very low price; that these were formerly manufactured abroad and then imported; and that these poor workmen have opened up this new trade on our soil, which benefits the English workmen, because the leather is manufactured here by *skilled British labour*. I am afraid, from all I can learn, the compensation is inadequate, and if it exists to any degree in any one department, it is absolute wanting in others.

But is there any evidence that this imported foreign labour affects the interests of the British workman? I may quote the testimony of a Secretary of a Boot and Shoe Trade Society. He says: "I know it is a fact that a number of foreigners are being brought here who work at the shoemaking and tailoring trades, to the very great detriment of both employers and workmen—that is, those employers who have men who work proper hours at a fair wage. . . . There are hundreds or thousands of foreigners, some of whom cannot speak the English language, who never take a pair of boots from a shop, but who are employed by middlemen at home in garrets and cellars, for sixteen to

eighteen hours a day working for such men as —, who have hardly any but 'sweaters' working out-door; . . . most of their work is paper and composition . . . and is sent abroad to the detriment of our shipping trade." If this testimony is to be trusted, and I believe it to be a plain unvarnished statement of what is passing around us, it is impossible to deny that here we have one cause of the distress that exists in our midst.

The Secretary of the Cigar Makers' Trade Society gives it as his opinion that fewer foreigners have come over of late to engage in this particular trade; but he adds, "I believe, however, that in the tailoring, shoemaking, and baking trades they are suffering from the importation of foreign labour, and in the first two trades there is not the slightest doubt, amongst the men in the trades, that the foreign labour, although cheaper, is greatly inferior in quality to that of the general run of (English) workmen. The purchaser does not get the whole of the *doubtful* advantage of the cheaper labour, because in these trades some men are able to get sufficient work for five or six, and those whom they employ get less wages than the Firm pays the man who takes the work out, and *he* pockets the difference."

There is evidence that in the Cabinet-making trade British labour is supplanted by low-waged and inferior foreign labour. I have it on most reliable information that in two large workshops in this neighbourhood, where a few years ago not a foreigner was employed, there is now not a single British workman engaged.

The Memorandum which was issued by the Board of Trade in April last, closes with these words: "Emigration can be no relief to the congestion of population at home, if the place of those who emigrate is partly taken by a still poorer population." But the case is more grave than these words indicate. What if we emigrate our best (the only men who are likely to do well and thrive in the Colonies), and their place here is taken by an indigent class who compete in the labour market with those, for whose sake, as well as for their own, our emigrants have left home; and by competition deprive those who remain behind of employment on fair terms, and of the remuneration to which good work is entitled?

It is stated on respectable authority that the immigration of foreign poor is decreasing. It may be allowed that the arrivals of the indigent foreigners are not so numerous as in 1882, when there was an outburst of persecution against Jews in Russia, or

as in 1884, when Prince Bismarck issued the edict requiring all Poles to depart from Prussia, and yet there may be cause of complaint because more come than are welcome, to crowd out English labour. No one would wish to deny to any who are the victims of political persecution the right of asylum ; but the right of asylum is a privilege that can be abused in more ways than one ; and the country that affords it is surely guilty of no act of uncharity, if it takes care the privilege is not abused to the injury of its own citizens.

It is sometimes argued that because English citizens actively compete in foreign labour markets all over the world, therefore foreign workmen should not be denied the privilege of competing with them here. But I have never heard the proposal made that anything should be done to shut out the foreign workman from the English labour market. What the East End asks—because of the distress that exists, has existed now for some years, and promises, if no remedy is found, to become permanent—is that indigent paupers should not be allowed seriously to depreciate the value of labour, and, as it is alleged, discredit the produce of British workshops.

One way to obtain some idea of the extent to which foreign immigration at present prevails, and the condition and circumstances of the immigrants, is to meet an early morning train that brings up to London the passengers of some steamer which has discharged its living freight. The representatives of the Jewish Board of Guardians, who most courteously assisted the Committee of the Whitechapel Guardians in their enquiry by giving evidence, stated that in their opinion few of the Jewish immigrants landed “in a state of actual destitution, although sooner or later they become so.” The candid admission contained in this opinion is sufficient for my purpose, though with some confidence I venture still to think the condition of a vast number of these immigrants on their arrival is one of actual destitution. That the members of this eminently charitable Association are alive to the deplorable condition of too many of these immigrants, is borne witness to by the fact that last year there were emigrated or returned to the Continent of Europe no less than 919 cases, comprising 1557 individuals, through their agency. Of these, 554 were returned to the Continent, probably to their former homes ; 333 went to America, Australia or the Cape ; 32 went to other parts of the United Kingdom. But for the wise and commendable endeavours of this Association, our state would

be even worse than it is ; but the relief that is thus afforded is altogether inadequate, and cannot possibly be regarded as affording any promise that the tide of immigration will be stayed. I am afraid that many are induced to struggle to reach England in the hope and expectation that they will be assisted to go on to America or the Colonies, and of these the vast majority of necessity remain here. I believe that those who go no further and settle down here are the most helpless and destitute of the immigrants. Of course there are exceptions. This I am quite prepared to admit.

We have it on the authority of Mr. F. D. Mocatta and Mr. M. Stephany, who are most competent witnesses in such a matter, that the immigration of foreign poor is decreasing. They say this decrease was observable for several months last year, and certainly has been the fact all this year.

This is good so far as it goes. But it is impossible to shut one's eyes to two facts ; first that immigration still continues, though perhaps not to the same extent as formerly, and, on the testimony of these gentlemen, "for the most part the immigrants land in this country more or less in a state of indigence ;" and secondly, that from Consular reports and other reliable sources of information, it is evident there is abroad, in Russia for example, widespread distress and want, which renders it by no means improbable there will be a considerable exodus which will, as heretofore, seek the shores of Great Britain.

Surely the problem which confronts us, when we look these facts in the face, is not absolutely too difficult for modern statesmanship to solve. Is it not a case for enquiry ? I have heard the idea of enquiry scouted because, forsooth, it is impossible to provide a remedy ! Are hundreds of men who would work, if employment were provided for them, to be elbowed out of the labour market by a great army of foreign settlers ? If the question bristles with difficulties, and I do not deny that it does, the interests at stake are of immense and of primary importance. The pressure of bad times falls heavily on all. Is it wise to allow the condition of any class to grow worse without an effort to find a remedy and to apply the cure ?

R. C. BILLING.

Our Industrial Art Experiment at Keswick.



EVERYBODY is talking about Technical Education. The City and Guilds of London Institute coin a new word, and tell us that they have just concluded the ninth annual examination "for Technology." That the motive to all their attempts to get trades taught in class-rooms and by lectures and the like, is possibly not of the highest order, is patent from the woe and the wailing that rises up from the platforms which bring technical education to the front, about the better teaching of the kind in France, Germany, and America, and about the absolute need of England turning out better hands if she is to compete in the world's race of commerce. But there are not wanting signs that in England of to-day there is an impatient minority who claim that the eyes and hands of the youth of the land shall be educated with other aims than merely those of competition in dexterity of manual labour.

These men say, yes, give us technical education, but let us see that artistic feeling shall go hand in hand, if possible, with all advances in the education of the industrial classes; let us endeavour to turn out not only more dexterous hands, but more thoughtful hearts and eyes to guide the hands, and get other motives, besides commercial push, to govern and direct the new education.

It is fortunate for these champions of art and technique hand in hand, that there is a demand for art-production of a domestic order now that has not existed before. The great rich have never perhaps as a whole been so bent on surrounding themselves not only with costly articles, but with articles in good taste. Artists, architects, and house-decorators conspire to effect this. In the air is a belief that hand-wrought things are out and away more

suitable for their household decoration than machine-made. The mind of man is a desirable factor in the surroundings even of the thoughtless who can afford to pay for it, and good English hand-work, whether it take the form of iron, wood, linen, lace, or embroidery, is in demand.

The enthusiast for industrial art finds that he has a brother at his side in the social reformer. The latter, looking on the great town problem, sees clearly that decentralising agencies are needed. What is to be done to keep the people in the country? As long as our Manchesters will go on making canals to the sea, the huge labyrinths of brick and mortar will grow, and the Dragon of the Maze will yearly claim as its offering from the country-side the flower and blossom of our best peasant life.

We must have industries in the country that shall be such a supplement to mere agricultural earnings and rural interests as shall detain or counter-attract those who otherwise cram and crush aimlessly into the cities.

How can the masses who, for want of this, annually lose themselves in the vortex of our great unmanageable towns, make anything that can help those great towns in the most helpless part of them. The home fireside, or anything that in the rush and the persistent regularity of their machine-moulded lives, will keep alive a spirit of individuality in the soul of the workmen, unless in the bosom of the hills, by clear-shining stream, by tangled copse, or happy healthful meadow, or sunny common, or shadowy woodland lane, the masses of our country folk have learnt to give Nature their simple hearts to keep, before the time comes when the city gates close upon them, and the blessed fields know them no more.

There are not wanting signs that the genuine love for nature, which has grown at such strides amongst our upper classes since the time Gray the poet described Borrodale as "full of horror, so awful as almost to forbid the wanderer's steps," is gradually soaking downward. Any one who resides in a countryside holiday resort for the artizan, must be struck with his feeling for Nature. Yes, the country must help the town. It is to the kindly nurse of Art, this quiet countryside, that we must turn, and bid her nurse her offspring in such sympathetic surroundings to such sympathy with beauty of form and colour, that the eye and hand and heart of the peasant may realize latent faculties potent to bless his home and his time, and may develop an appreciation for

"the joy in widest commonalty spread" of serviceable taste, and handicraft capable of expressing thought.

Throughout the last debate in the House on the Technical Education Bill there seemed to be a wish to centre the eyes of the Legislature upon the Metropolis and the great cities. It is true Mr. Mundella challenged this, but no prominence was given to the thought that the country towns and villages were the well-springs of art and industrial enterprise, and also the fountain-head of that craze to become clerks and enter City channels of employ already choke-full. And yet the mover of the Bill for second reading had these very men in his mind when he said "he hoped this Bill might tend to divert" this stream of clerk-crazy aspirants "to handicrafts, and the manipulation of iron and wood."

With the belief that the country village must be the starting-place for industrial art movements, and the country house fire-side the cradle of enthusiasm for artistic skill; with the feeling that no great amount of interest was likely to be taken by the country people in art handicraft till they could realize the skill of their own hands, and feel its gladness a reality in their own lives, we made an experiment at Keswick in the autumn of 1884.

The promoters aimed at bringing the designer and workman into such relation as that they should become identified; they stated that their object was to teach men and boys some artistic handicraft that would give interesting and elevating occupation for leisure hours, and for times when ordinary work could not be got. The conditions of success were probable, because Keswick, owing to its tourist season's needs, has many idle hands in winter.

Moreover, if the cottage homes and farm kitchens of Cumberland were to be trusted, there was evidence of an ancestry of skill in wood-panel cutting as seen in the meal-arks, or "kists," in the linen-presses and settles of two centuries ago. If wood-carving had ceased out of the land, even before the looms and spinning-wheels had ceased to hum through the long winter evenings, at any rate the eyes of this generation had had before them in the home, examples of wood ornament which might stand us in good stead in our endeavour to enlist their hands.

A lady, with a certain knowledge of the history of art and design, and artistic powers not above the common, who had taught herself the use of wood-carving and *repoussé* tools;

A neighbour who was an artist, a competent designer, and who

had a practical knowledge of *repoussé* work and wood-carving, and of the adaptability of design to wood and metal ;

A small local Committee, a Parish Mission-room put at their disposal, was our working staff, and the stock-in-trade at the start.

The Committee undertook all risk ; all work executed was their property ; they were responsible for its sale.

The success of the sale of such work, seeing that the shops were crammed with machine-pressed brass-work and imitation *repoussé*, and machine-pressed wood-carving panels also, would lie largely in the worth of the design. The Committee looked to this ; the pupils could not be expected to produce designs. These must be procured, or adapted. The kind neighbour and artist friend threw himself into the work, heart and soul, when more designs were needed.

The portfolios of photographs, or prints illustrating design in foreign museums, were obtained. Ah, how sadly does our South Kensington Museum contrast in this department and particular, with other National Art Museums ! Photographs of detail work in Venice, Florence, Rome, Cairo, all these were laid under contribution. Bits of Oriental ware and embroidery were sought out ; rubbings of old chest panels were taken ; and so by degrees fitting designs were obtained which could be adapted to the several uses, and transferred to wood or metal, and so the work went on.

The Committee were determined that all work should be hand-work from first to last. For example, they would not admit that the *repoussé*-worker should have his dish of copper or brass or gilding metal first "spun up," as the term is, into shape. And since all work was done on the flat, and no one knew the art of hammering up dishes, this part of the business involved a series of interesting experiments, which a member of the Committee, a clever working jeweller, undertook for the school.

The speed with which the rough hands of the men and boys were trainable astonished us. Within a month of starting the school, simple work in the form of brass or copper finger-plates for doors was produced which were saleable. The classes met for three nights in the week, from 7.30 till 9.30 P.M.

Expenses were heavy at the start. The stock of tools and all the necessities of the workshop cost something. The wood-carving lessons, conducted by an amateur first, and afterwards by a lady instructress from the Albert Hall School of Wood-

carving, were a heavy item ; but an amateur class of ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, which was conducted in the daytime, enabled us to meet our liabilities for the evening classes.

At the end of our first session of five months' work our expenses amounted to £181, and though the balance of £40 was against us we had in hand stock and material unsold which were estimated at £118, and we expected to realize sales sufficient, during the coming tourist season, to clear us of debt.

The next session commenced in November 1885. We had no permanent shop, but met as before in the Parish-room. We had no amateur class to help us in meeting expenses, and only asked for local subscriptions to the amount of £11, to help us to defray the heavy cost of a teacher of wood-carving, who came to us once a week from Carlisle, a distance of sixty miles off.

The number of workers in brass and copper, and silver and wood-carving, remained about the same as the year before. Many applications were made, but our room could not accommodate more than a certain number, and the wood-carving and brass-hammering went on side by side under the one roof.

At the end of the session the working expenses of the school were found to have been £147 ; but by means of the work sold we had met the liabilities of the previous session, and had a balance of assets estimated at £62.

At the end of the session, a local exhibit was made in the Town Hall of the work done, which surprised those of the inhabitants who had not realized the efforts of the school.

The third session commenced in October 1886. By this time our work was pretty widely known. A friend of the firm of Messrs. Howell and James had entered into business arrangements with us that admitted us to their show-rooms. Bazaars and local industrial exhibitions, and the annual exhibition in London which the Home Arts and Industries Association undertakes for all those industrial art classes in connection with it had helped us to a name, and so many orders had come in, that we were busy till Christmas in executing them.

There were now such numerous applicants for place at the *repoussé* table, or wood-carving stool, that an old stable near the Parish-room was rented and turned into a wood-carver's workshop. The noise of thirty hammers is all very well if one is busy at the metal-work oneself, but the wood-carver had sought for peace, and here he found it.

The age of admission for pupilage was then lowered to fifteen

years. No boy was to be allowed to pass into the brass-workers' school till he had satisfied the Superintendent that he could draw well enough to trace his patterns carefully from the tracing linen, on to the metal or wood. Hence the lads must go through a drawing course, and the only available teacher of elementary free-hand in the neighbourhood was engaged to put the new candidates for admission through their paces with pencil and paper. In about 'seven weeks' time the boys could be trusted to draw straight lines fairly straight, and curved lines fairly curved, and the first batch made way for a second, by being admitted into the workshop.

At the end of the third session, Easter 1887, the annual exhibition was held of the work executed, and local sales realized £35. Here it should be said that the workers in the school have from the first agreed to wait for their share in the proceeds till sale has been effected. When hands are out of work the rule is relaxed, and the Committee take the risk of paying the workers in advance. Men have been known to earn from 15s. to a guinea a week thus.

An inspection of our books at the end of our third session showed us that our expenditure for the year had been close on £300; our liabilities were £15, and our stock account, valued at £146, gave us a clear £131 worth of assets to the good. The problem had been solved, the task set before us done. The little School of Industrial Art was self-supporting.

Steadily had the sales increased; last year we had sold £136 worth of work, this year we had sold more than double; to be accurate, sales had been effected of art-work in the year to the amount of £288. The number of hands had increased, and stood at 44. Fifteen of them worked in wood, the rest in metal.

Now not one of these was an incompetent workman. Yet a glance at their ordinary occupations showed that there was little in their previous training to fit them specially for delicate handiwork. Varying in age from fifteen to fifty years, they had been occupied in the pencil-mills, in tallow-chandling, in carpentry, in blacksmithery, in driving, in boating, in the linen-draper's and grocers' shops. Here were men and boys executing in spare hours, by most congenial occupation, and with good designs, sconces, offertory dishes, ornamental dishes, tea-trays, bellows, brush-backs, menu-holders in copper or brass or silver, and carving lampstands, jardinieres, table-tops, milking-stools, blotting-cases, paper cases, potato-bowls.

These men were not only adding to their capacities of hand and of eye, and of power to enjoy a good and living design as opposed to a dead and worthless one, but also adding not a little to their home comfort and home interests, and the very necessary clogs and bread-and-butter of their home circle.

Best of all, these workmen had learned how to fill vacant hours with something more satisfying than public-house chaff, and more lasting than the pleasure of a glass.

"I don't know what's comed over my man," said the wife of one of these workers; "he never seems to care to stay out late now, and he brings back his wages quite astonishin' regular on Saturday night. Of course," she added, "I won't say but what it's a gay bit banging in the house when he's at it, but the children's as keen as he is every bit; and then, you see, one knows where he is too."—She spoke of a bit of copper-work her good man was engaged on at home on the nights that the school-workshop was not open.

One remembers too, as a thing not to be forgotten, the smile of pride on the face of the wife of another worker.

"You see that cart-load of coals? well, it's that brass beatin' in off hours has brought that to t' door!"

Enjoyable is the peep into the effects of handcraft of this kind upon men's natures that one gets by a visit to that Parish-room on a school evening.

There, in a well-lighted room, may be seen either side the long tables the workers keen as they can be upon the different patterns and their varied labours of frosting and tracing. A gentle, kindly woman is sitting at one end of the room at a high desk. She gives out the materials for the evening, notes down the attendance, pays the wage earned, and is evidently book-keeper.

A lady, who is the presiding genius of the whole school, has just come through the blinding snow-storm from the little drawing-school and wood-carvers' class close by; she is at once appealed to, to say whether this or that tendril or flower-stalk of an old Renaissance pattern is sufficiently raised, or what particular frosting there is to be used in this or that part of an intricate arabesque design.

She settles the matter in a moment, and in another is deciding which hand shall work the handsome offertory dish that has just been ordered. "You see," she says, "every worker has some individuality, some different touch of tracing and frosting too; one can be trusted to work a design flat for tea-tray use; another

will best work a raised design for an ornamental candle-sconce. One works copper better than brass ; another excels in delicate silver-work." The door opens. In walks the master-finisher, with his latest bit of dish-raising in his hand, and the men crowd up to see how he has surmounted some difficulty in the stretching of the metal as he hammered it up.

Busily go the moments. A bell rings. "Time's up!" cries a Committeeman, and in less than five minutes tools are put away, trestles and tables vanish, the room is seated decently for tomorrow's lecture or evening service, and out into the darkness sally the workers, their copper or brass and their heavy wood-blocks under their arms, to labour at whatever piece of work they are engaged upon in the dinner-hour or in the spare evening at home. The School night comes round, and they come together again to the hall of sound, and the happiness and rivalry of their volunteer task.

It is a sight that does one's heart good to see that Parish-room on a "School" night. The workers are so intent, so critical, so cheery. A finished bit of work comes in. It is a tea-tray in brass, or an offertory dish in gilding metal ; perhaps it is a candle-sconce of copper, with a design from the Vatican upon it ; or a post-box, with a bit of Donatello's frieze adapted to its ornamentation, or a door-plate with an acanthus-footed design from the "Scuola di San Marco." It may be a little silver menu-holder, whose design has come from the Venetian binding of a middle-century book.

Whatever it is, the hammers cease going, and one by one the men crowd up and examine it, and every one has something to say about it except the worker, and he just listens and smiles, and goes on with the work in front of him.

Happy possessors, whoever you will be, of the bit of finished work just brought in ; you will own something that not only gave interest to a whole homeside whilst it was in progress, but which was critically talked over by twenty or thirty fellow-craftsmen, before as a finished piece of art work it was a day old.

In an alcove of the main gallery entrance leading from the Chester Road entrance of the Manchester Exhibition stood a case of specimens of the work. The Exhibition Committee of the Industrial Art Section awarded first and second prizes to these exhibits, and honourably mentioned each worker. Every one who has inspected the examples sent to Manchester, will have felt that there is here evidence of great care in selection of design

as well as in work ; but only those who saw the specimens during the process of work and completion, can know what human interest they evoked.

Some one asks—"Has your experiment done more than give a rational amusement? Has it produced designers, or a feeling for design?" We answer:

It has done this; it has made a possible focus for artistic feeling in the little country town. It has called the attention of a whole neighbourhood to the moral and educational worth of such School of Art handicraft in their midst.

It has shown how easily the hands and eyes of English men and boys can be trained to certain manipulation of wood and of metal. You cannot train a negro's hand in thirty years as these English hands have been trained in three. Let Mr. Mather, who has recently returned from an enquiry into technical education in the States, be my witness. Amongst the workers it has developed a certain sense of true design. They know the difference now between a good bit of Florentine or Venetian renaissance, and the sort of thing that does duty for design in a French Art book or an English jeweller's show catalogue.

They can tell, though some of them hardly know why, whilst others will give the reason, how this acanthus-flower is a growing thing, and that bit of imitation renaissance is poor and dead.

They have discovered, too, a great secret, that good art work must be slow and painstaking work. That it is intrinsic merit, not money's worth, that in their little domain of industrial art is to be sought after.

Doubtless the workers in the Keswick School have laboured under disadvantages. They have no regular shop to work in; they pathetically enough have often wished that there was a permanent room whither on each evening of the week instead of two nights only they might go for company's sake, as they labour with carving or *repoussé* tool. But they have, in spite of this, rejoiced in their common leisure-hour labour, and have stuck together. The Keswick School of Industrial Arts has proved a blessing to them, and they are proud of it.

It is because what we have done in Keswick may be done in every village town throughout the land that we have acceded to the request to write this plain unvarnished account of our simple experiment in Industrial Art. We are not alone in the North country in this effort after national handicraft revival. In Langdale the old spinning days have returned, and thanks

to Mr. Albert Fleming, and his able assistant-mistress in the arts of Penelope, the Langdale linen can be obtained for the followers of Minerva and their embroidery needs.

At Grasmere the Vicar's daughter has perseveringly kept alive a boy's wood-carving class, which finds ready sale for its work, and ready hands to ply the tool.

At Burneside, near Kendal, and at Milnthorpe, wood-carving classes have been in operation for three years past. At the former a lady, with remarkable talent for design, has been ably seconded by Mr. Cropper, the Squire of the place, and the spirit of true art-work is being roused in the village.

At Kirkby Lonsdale, through the unceasing efforts of Mr. Alfred Harris and his family, classes for drawing and design, wood-carving, clay-modelling, embossed and enchased leather work have been vigorously set going, and one hears already of most encouraging results.

At Penrith some short time ago a wood-carving class was started for boys, through the agency of Colonel Westmoreland, himself a proficient in the wood-carvers' art.

All this points one way. There is a spirit abroad that has already found out that machine-made England is not a happy England after all.

That the souls of the righteous are not content with mere machine-print, or machine-patterns, as the mode of their expression of their best thoughts and their highest desires.

That the hand of the British workman was made for something else than merely to stand by and feed a hopper or turn a lever.

That the home of the labourer, as much as the home of the lord, needs the ennoblement of simple taste.

That the leisure hours of the artizan, if only his eye can be taught to perceive beauty, and his hand trained to execute his perception may be filled with a recreative happiness, on terms that insist on effort, and which with effort bring restful change of task and of thought, and the joy of permanent result.

The suggestions that our observation of the working of the Industrial Art experiment in Keswick gave rise to are briefly :

(1.) That our national educators should undertake the task of training the eyes of the three million and a half of children in the elementary schools to much more accurate observation.

That to this end Mr. Mundella's suggestion, made when the Education Estimates were moved in the House in August last,

should be acted upon, viz. :—That drawing should be made an obligatory subject.

There would be at first great difficulty in getting teachers in each school to show how a child's hand should put on paper the outline of what it sees ; there would be more difficulty in getting teachers to teach the little ones how to see accurately.

But the niggling pencil and indiarubber business that now goes on under the name of Freehand Drawing, as a special subject by the master or mistress who has obtained his or her certificate, must be discontinued at all hazard ; it grossly misleads. Would it be possible to arrange that a competent drawing master should visit country schools in rotation, and show on a black-board how he draws with free hand a straight or curved line, how he produces the effect of what he sees by shading and the like, and explain with diagrams the elementary laws of perspective ? Is it probable that the Government would subsidise local effort towards defraying the cost of such a teacher for a given circuit of schools ?

(2.) That on Saturday afternoon, or on one evening in a week, in a properly certified room or workman's shop, the hands of children above a certain standard should be instructed in some simple manual training. Sir J. Lubbock urged this need of manual training forcibly before the House, when the Education Estimates were last submitted to it. The village forge and the village shop might surely be utilised for such a purpose.

One recognises the outcry against this that will be raised by the trade ; but the trade will remember that it is now cursed by finding a lot of unwilling, unlikely hands thrust into different branches, and these elementary trainings of the youngsters to work in wood or metal will probably only send into the shops the likeliest in place of the unlikely ones.

Further, one realizes that our young England must seek a home in pastures new. There the shepherd must be carpenter and blacksmith in one, if he is to succeed. Let us give young England an education that will fit it for hard service in the Colonies, and not unfit it for life at home.

(3.) That first-rate typical examples of manual work of an artistic order, sculpture, wood-carving, stone-carving, metal-work reproduced by photo-gravure, or some enduring carbon process, should be prepared, with short explanations of the date and history and special worth of the example submitted (after the manner of the Manchester Art School Society) ; that these

should be issued cheaply by Government for the use of our National School class-rooms ; and with them should be prepared illustrations of a live and dead design side by side, and examples of natural growth adapted to the use of the sculptor, the wood and metal-worker, the decorator and designer of ornament. Our children's eyes need accustoming to some such objects all England over.

(4.) That an attempt should be made by joint Chambers of Commerce, City Councils and Guilds, to provide on a national scale teachers of art, industries, and masters of manual training. The experiment at Naas, near Gothenburg in Sweden, the success of the Wurtemberg Technical Schule, and the laborious effort of the "Christian Brothers of the Poor" at Artane, near Dublin, being well worth study in this direction.

(5.) That the Government should issue a report of the present local endeavours of Industrial Art Schools in the country, and endeavour to enlist and utilise the sporadic and experimental efforts, and the willingness of volunteers to forward the work, by putting school buildings in the country out of school hours at their disposal for classes, and by subsidising local efforts which have approved themselves by some merit grant on the pupils taught, or results obtained.

Take our Keswick school effort as an example. We are hampered for want of a workshop room ; a log hut would do, an iron room would be a help. We can get neither ; we are poor ; and yet if a Government or national fund existed, the work turned out might possibly warrant some grant that should meet and call forth local aid in the procuring of such accommodation as is needed for a national end.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

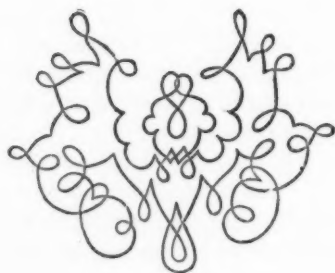
P.S.—It may be of interest to know that the sales of work done in the Keswick school last winter effected during this last summer season—between the end of April and November—realised £175 11s. 5d., and that we commenced the winter session of 1887, with a balance in the hand of the treasurer of £127, and taking stock into account, with a balance of assets over liabilities of £165 19s. 3d.

Of course this at first sight looks as if we were not only a self-supporting concern, but were making large profits to put by against a rainy day.

But it must be remembered that out of our cash in hand we

have to pay all the working expenses of the next five months, and that last session, in actual brass, copper, and silver, tools and materials, £50 19s. 9d. was paid; and that for the making up of the work locally, after the wood-carver and the *repoussé* worker had done with it, a sum of £130 19s. was expended. Readers can see that if, in addition, the workers are to be paid, the teachers of wood-carving and drawing, the book-keeper, the caretaker to be remunerated, we shall want more than our balance of cash at the bank to pay our way for the winter session. But the Committee are in good heart and hope, and the workers are as keen as ever to ply their task of art industry. If any are interested in our little Keswick experiment, let them show their practical loving-kindness by sending in orders. We do not wish to be out of work, even in our leisure hours.

H. D. R.



A Week among Brigands.*

TELEGRAMS which appeared lately in several English papers reported the capture by brigands in the neighbourhood of Smyrna of four young Englishmen, as they were returning from a shooting excursion. I was one of the party, and shall endeavour briefly to describe our seven days' stay amongst a band of brigands, who, if they have not as yet acquired a formidable reputation for daring in the district of Smyrna, are at any rate no novices in their trade, and may be considered fair representatives of their class.

The hills that surround Bournabat, a village lying some five miles inland from Smyrna, and the permanent residence of several English families, are pretty well stocked with game. The coverts are extensive, and, being considered free from the aggressions of brigands, are the scene of numerous shooting expeditions. All day long, without any apprehension of meeting bad characters, one may roam about the hills and valleys, with the prospect of good sport in the shape of partridges, hares, and other game.

It was, therefore, without the smallest thought of danger that I consented to join some friends who were planning a day's shooting on the Palamont hills, lying about an hour's distance from Bournabat. We started for our shooting-ground at dawn on Saturday, the 24th of September, the party consisting of my three friends, Charles, William, and Robert Wilkin (the first two brothers, the latter their cousin), and myself. A native hunter,

* We deeply regret to say that, since this article has been in print, we have received a telegram from Constantinople conveying the melancholy intelligence of Mr. Whittall's death from the effects of exposure during his captivity. The sad news will be a painful surprise to readers of this paper; for Mr. Whittall's modest, unpretentious narrative makes so light of sufferings and privations as to give but a faint idea of the severe hardships undoubtedly endured by the party.—ED.

as usual, accompanied us, and I fear we must have looked, to English eyes, sadly unsportsmanlike, as we sallied forth, each astride of a fine donkey, with the owner of the animals following in the rear to superintend the cavalcade. I will say nothing of the sport we had that day, which was not of a particularly eventful character, and gave no indication of the misfortune awaiting us. We stopped shooting early in the afternoon, and with several hours of daylight still available, it was pleasant to be able to saunter slowly along over the few miles of undulating ground that intervened between us and Bournabat. The range of hills we had been shooting over was visible from the village; thickly clad with coppice and brushwood, and gradually increasing in height towards the north-east, it became merged at length in the mountains of Magnesia. The deep gorges and forest-clad ravines of these mountains are in striking contrast to the gentle slopes of the hills near Bournabat, while numerous caves and almost impenetrable fastnesses form an admirable refuge for the brigands, affording them such facilities for eluding pursuit, that they can generally contrive to escape from the Turkish police, whose efforts to capture them are often half-hearted and disorganized.

As we topped the last crest and entered a narrow path leading down to the level ground which formed the plain of Bournabat, my companions observed two ragged-looking men following us as fast as they could. Their sudden appearance aroused suspicion, and, pointing them out to our hunter, we asked what he thought of them. His reply was not altogether reassuring, for although he declared they were only Krissadars, or Mountain-Police, he recommended us at the same time to hasten on, in order to avoid being overtaken. We accordingly urged our donkeys to their best pace, and soon congratulated ourselves on having distanced the "suspects," who dropped out of sight. But scarcely had we reached the open ground at the foot of the hill, when they appeared again, having passed us by a short cut, and stood confronting us, blocking the path, with Martini rifles levelled at our heads.

A summons to surrender followed; unluckily we had extracted the cartridges from our guns, and being taken by surprise and totally unprepared for the encounter, we saw no alternative but to submit, and, dismounting, prepared to give up our arms. One of the brigands—for all doubt as to the true character of the ruffians was now dispelled—thereupon fired two shots in the

air and whistled, as a signal to the rest of the band, while the other still kept us covered with his rifle. In a few seconds we were surrounded by the wild-looking fellows, who had hitherto remained invisible, but now came rushing up from all sides. Our native hunter, putting on as bold a face as he could, asked the man whom we took to be the chief, what he meant by stopping us on the high road. This was answered by a request to see our shooting licences ; but the chief had no patience to play the grim joke out any further, and cut short our compliance with his request by suddenly ordering his comrades to bind us. From this indignity, however, we were saved, either by the vigour of our own protests, or by the brigands' appreciation of the greater speed with which their escape could be made, if our limbs were free on the march.

It now became clear that we should have to accompany our captors to the mountains. The donkey driver was permitted to return with his animals to Bournabat, and to take our dogs with him. We pencilled a few lines to our friends, informing them of what had befallen us, and were then walked off into the forest, the brigands filing up on both sides. A halt was made in a thick covert among the pines, not far from the road, until night set in, and then we resumed our weary march in the dark, with long sticks provided by the brigands to help us in picking our way over the rough ground. At length we came to Yakakeni, a small place among the hills, but the fear of discovery forbade too near an approach, and a long circuit was made to reach the further side of the village, where we entered a deep gorge and again halted. By this time we were all desperately hungry, but the brigands had nothing to offer us, save a scanty supply of dry bread. With difficulty we persuaded them to try and get us some food from Yakakeni, and our native hunter was despatched in custody of two of the brigands to make the necessary purchases. But, although the shop stood quite at the outskirts of the village, there was so much noise and bustle in the vicinity that they dared not enter, and returned to our hiding-place in half an hour after a fruitless errand.

Seeing, however, that unless we had enough to eat, we should soon become too weak to accompany them, after waiting a little, they made another attempt, and remained absent for so long a time, that we fully thought they must have succeeded in obtaining provisions. But our hopes were destined to be once more disappointed, for when more than two hours had elapsed,

the brigands reappeared without any food, and greatly enraged at the escape of our hunter. They had sent him into the shop, themselves remaining some distance off; but he, once at liberty, had no intention of rejoining them. In vain they waited and waited; he did not leave the shop, and they dared not enter it; so at length they withdrew, not a little alarmed lest their whereabouts should be betrayed by our faithless hunter. His conduct was roundly abused by the whole band, for these hunters are accustomed to look upon absolute devotion to their masters, even at the risk of life, as a sacred duty, and the brigands had doubtless relied upon this admirable trait when they allowed our man to go alone into the shop. I confess, however, that but for our hunger the indignation we felt would have been tempered with some little satisfaction at seeing our captors outwitted.

The impunity with which brigands roam about the country, even in the immediate neighbourhood of towns and villages, is extraordinary. One would have thought that such an act as lighting a fire where we were must have involved considerable danger. But, when we complained of cold, the atmosphere being sharp and chilled by a heavy dew, the chief, without a moment's hesitation, ignited a large heap of brushwood, which some lime-kiln burners had piled up the day before, and seemed to have no fear of the consequent risk of discovery.

The bright flames gave me a good opportunity of closely examining the individual members of the band. The chief was a short, slightly-built man, with blue eyes and a fair complexion, whose handsome face, with its delicately-curled moustache, by no means coincided with one's preconceived ideas of the brigand leader, whose ferocious mien and swarthy countenance strike terror into his victims; but perhaps the accurate range of his Martini rifle and the keenness of his scimitar enabled him to dispense with the more "stagey" qualifications for his post. The second in command was a much fiercer-looking fellow, about thirty years of age, armed like the chief, but with a carbine instead of the long rifle. Among the rest of the band nothing was more curious than the variety of their weapons; one had a Chassepôt rifle, another a sixteen-bore pin-fire, another an old muzzle-loader, and a similar diversity was apparent in their swords and knives. There was only one man who looked a regular villain to the backbone. His features were worthy of a Caliban, and the violence of his character was well portrayed in his dark leering eyes, sallow complexion and hideously-distorted

cheek-bones. If confirmation were needed, his disgusting language and frequent outbursts of temper left no doubt as to his depraved nature, and several times he was on the point of openly insulting us, had he not been restrained by his companions.

The flickering light of the flames, rising and falling as fresh boughs were enveloped and consumed, gave a weird aspect to the scene and recalled romantic tales of Italian "masnadieri," upon which, as one comfortably perused them at home, fancy had grafted many a picture not unlike the present reality. Silent and sullen, the brigands sat gazing absently into the fire, a sorry crew enough with their tattered garments and uncouth appearance, but withal inspiring even us their captives with some touch of sympathy, if not of admiration.

My reverie was soon interrupted by the chief's voice bidding us prepare once more for a long march, and in a few minutes we had plunged again into the darkness, in the direction of the Magnesia mountains. All night we trudged wearily on, nor was it until day began to break that a halt was at length called. We found ourselves now well among the mountains, and were informed that the bushy hollow we had reached was to be our hiding-place for the day. The attempt to procure provisions at Yakakeni on the previous evening having been frustrated, no food had as yet passed our lips, and the pangs of hunger were now so keen that fastidiousness became impossible. Dry bread, with some tinned lobster which was left in our bag, formed the bill of fare for breakfast, and we made an uncommonly hearty meal off these not very appetizing materials. Our hunger satisfied, we began to feel the effects of our fatiguing night march. This was apparent to the brigands, and, perceiving the necessity of recruiting our strength before we could renew the journey, which might at any moment be necessitated by a discovery of our retreat, they prepared some rough couches of pine branches and invited us to lie down for a few hours' sleep.

It must have been nearly noon when I awoke greatly refreshed, and proceeded to rouse my companions. Hardly had I done so, when two strangers were seen approaching the sentinels, who had been stationed by the chief on commanding heights to guard against surprise. The new-comers, whom we afterwards found to be mountain-trackers employed by our friends, no sooner perceived the brigand sentinels than they hastily retired, fearing, by a nearer approach, to endanger our safety and

possibly their own. Several shots were fired after them by the men on guard, but without taking effect. This rencontre set us once more on the move; crossing the hollow we ascended a hill opposite, but we had barely reached the summit when the chief, who had stayed behind, rejoined us. He had spied a large body of mounted "souvaris" or police riding after us, and urged us to hasten our steps. The whistling of a bullet over our heads soon unpleasantly confirmed his statement, and we began to fear that our pursuers would overtake us. An encounter would, under the circumstances, have probably been accompanied by serious consequences and possibly fatal results to our lives. We therefore scampered down a path, guided by one of the brigands, and soon emerged from some heavy cover into a deep gorge. Here we paused, and I had time to observe that, with the exception of one man, the brigands were entirely unacquainted with the ground, and greatly alarmed at the proximity of the police.

We lay hidden in the ravine until sunset, when, having apparently eluded pursuit successfully, our march was resumed. After a toilsome walk we reached a rocky mountain called "Jari Kaya," and spent the whole of Monday in a pine-wood on one of its slopes. One of the brigands attempted to steal a goat from a herd grazing in the neighbourhood. In this he failed, but fortunately he was not too proud to bend to circumstances, and, making a virtue of necessity, purchased the goat from the shepherd attending the flock. The result was to give us another substantial meal—the first we had tasted since Sunday morning.

The same evening one of our party, Mr. C. Wilkin, was released. Accompanied for some distance by two of the band to serve as guides, he set out for Bournabat with the object of negotiating the payment of our ransom, which had been fixed at £3000. Next morning we started at an early hour for Djethenemdere, or Hell's gorge, where we were rejoined by the men who had left us the previous evening. Here we took shelter in a large cave, which served as our habitation for two weary days and nights. During this time we were constantly supplied with beautifully white bread and tobacco; the brigands used to leave in couples and return with the provisions, so we concluded that they were in communication with some village, possibly Bournabat itself. Time passed slowly and uneventfully, every hour increasing the depression of our spirits, as no

news was forthcoming to give us hope of an early release. Our anxiety was becoming unbearable, and had deprived us of any wish for conversation, when on Thursday afternoon at about three o'clock, the sudden appearance of several "yuruks," or mountain trackers, and a number of mounted police introduced an exciting episode.

We observed this company coming up the gorge in our direction, and to avoid detection we were ordered by our captors to lie flat on the ground. The cave, however, being on high ground, we could watch the movements of the police slowly advancing, and, as they drew nearer, the sound of bushes being forcibly pushed aside, and the tramp of the horses' feet fell upon our ears. When the party had reached a position in the gorge parallel to the entrance of our hiding-place, a halt was made; whereupon the brigands, fearing that they had been discovered, prepared to defend the cave and sell their lives dearly, even if ours were also to be sacrificed. I will not attempt to describe our intense alarm when we perceived one of the "yuruks" point his gun in our direction. Every second we expected to hear the report of thirty or forty Martinis, and to receive a shower of bullets in our very faces, for hardly two hundred yards separated us from the police. We were kept in this state of suspense for a considerable time; and our minds were only relieved from anxiety towards evening, when our would-be rescuers left the gorge. Why their search was not prosecuted more effectually remains a mystery; but had it been successful, I do not think we could possibly have escaped.

Little more now remains to be said. When darkness came on we lost no time in starting for Courou Tépé, a hill overlooking Bournabat, which we reached about dawn on Friday. There the chief and one of his acolytes engaged in a very violent dispute as to the prudence of choosing a day, generally considered unlucky, for occupying a position in such close proximity to the village. The former, however, overruled the objections of his subordinate, and we therefore remained all day in some brushwood, which completely concealed us from the sight of any passer-by. In the evening we despatched a letter to our relations, appointing a rendezvous for that very night, and one of the brigands was entrusted with the care of forwarding it to Bournabat.

On receipt of the note, our friends lost no time in communicating with us, and provisions and clothing, which we sadly

needed, were immediately despatched by a trusty messenger. The opportunity was also utilised for coming to an understanding with our captors concerning the payment of our ransom. About midnight the messenger took his departure, and we lay down to sleep, wrapped in the cloaks we had received : the brigands left everything at our entire disposal, although we had half expected they would appropriate several articles for their own use. I cannot but acknowledge that so far we had no cause of complaint against our captors, who, with the exception of one of their number, proved, under the most trying circumstances on several occasions, that they were not deficient in courtesy, and even kindness.

We spent Saturday on the same spot, and anticipating release that evening, we waited impatiently for the shades of night ; for it was only when favoured by darkness that the brigands ventured to move. Some two hours before midnight we started for the appointed rendezvous, and our spirits rose rapidly as we approached our destination. On entering the bed of a torrent we were left to the care of three brigands, while the chief, his lieutenant, and a third man, went to meet our friends or their messengers. After waiting anxiously for some time, we heard footsteps approaching, and soon distinguished in the gloom the figures of the chief with his comrades, accompanied by two other persons, whose hands we shortly grasped in a welcome shake.

The terms of our release were the occasion of some delay, as the brigands would not for a long time reduce the sum of the ransom they had at first demanded, namely, £3000 ; but arguments and threats induced them at length to accept £750 as the price of our release. Another difficulty, however, then arose ; for our captors, wishing to ensure their escape, stipulated that we should keep in company with them all night, and only obtain our liberty on the following morning. Again vehement protests were raised against such a condition ; but the brigands proved inflexible in their determination, and only consented to our immediate release on receiving our words of honour to give no information to the police until dawn.

At half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning we reached Bournabat, and thus ended what I hope may prove our last adventure with brigands, whereof I have given a true account in these few pages.

O. WHITTALL.

Jim's Meg.

WHEN I was a young man my day's journeying lay between a certain quiet lodging, situated where the Edgware Road merges into the country, and a certain Court of Justice where it was my duty to report cases for a newspaper.

I always walked into town, and always came home by omnibus. I suppose my habit of taking notes follows me out of court, for I never read on my journey, but have found infinite amusement, and sometimes, I confess, pain and perplexity, in watching my companions.

Thus watching, it happened that my life drifted against another life on the over-crowded river of existence, as boats drift against one another with the tide, and, as boats do, we floated together, side by side for a little while ; until the other, frailer, and more in the rush of the current than mine, went down.

It is a simple story, but I am strongly moved to tell it, so, like the Ancient Mariner, I must try, if only for my importunity, to make you listen to me.

One evening, just as my omnibus was starting on the familiar road home, a girl got in and sat in the corner by the door. She might be fifteen, not more ; she looked at her fellow-passengers defiantly, for there was an instinctive movement away from her. She was aggressively dirty ; surely there was a week's dirt on those rounded cheeks, through which the rosy tinge of youth and health shone faintly ! Her chestnut hair was gathered into a tangled knot, on which was set the usual black hat with flowers of the English lowest classes. She wore a grey waterproof cloak buttoned over a bundle, perhaps of things redeemed from pawn, perhaps of work taken home from some slop-shop. Her short petticoats showed sturdy feet in country boots, and on her dirty, childish finger was a wedding-ring !

She sat there, a social pariah, a little fledgling from the wilds

which had struggled on to the edge of respectability's window-sill, and perched there trembling at the faces that peered at her from the other side of the glass. One felt she would never get any farther; there was no shelter for her, and presently a gust of wind would whirl her away, or she would be tempted by some dainty in her native wilderness, and flutter down in search of it and never return.

How came she by that wedding-ring? Surely the solemn circlet was rare enough in the court where was her home. Had some fair-faced curate, ardent in a crusade against vice, persuaded her to "go to Church" with her boy-husband, perhaps, out of his poverty, forgiving her the fee? Or was it simple vanity, the desire to be on a higher pedestal than her neighbours? or simple honesty, the relic of some country home whence had come those rough-soled ploughboy's boots?

Poor child! One could not quite, looking at the ringed finger, say without a sigh, poor wife! How long would the ring stay there? It was hardly worth enough to pawn, and yet, down in those courts where a father's trembling fingers strip off a baby's shoes to pawn them for a halfpenny, even a brass wedding-ring might be worth something.

Did she flatter herself that for that ring's sake, her union would be more lasting than others in the court she could tell of? or did she look forward to a future time when she would use the right it gave her, to show her bruised face to the magistrate, and ask for protection against the man to whom she was bound?

It was idle wondering. The girl sat there, paid for her seat,—I marvelled that she should possess so large a sum as the two pence for her fare—and her fellow-passengers scanned her curiously, and edged away from her.

An old gentleman sat opposite to her, and, fumbling for his money, he dropped a coin. She saw it shining in the straw, and leaning eagerly forward, pointed a small straight finger where it lay.

"There it is!" she cried in a childish voice, and was going to stoop and pick it up for the owner, when some instinct drew her back. Her neck and cheeks and brow flushed crimson through their dirt, and she sat upright in her place.

What made her blush? Had she noted our furtive movement away from her, and fancied that we should doubt her honest motive in touching the money? Something of this

was written in her face, some recognition of the gulf that parted her from what we call respectability, and she held back her hand, lest we should resent her touch upon the coin. But there was a modest dignity in her simple action, an innocence in the sudden hot flush on her face, which carried rebuke with it, and stirred one's heart in sympathy. Just where a narrow street opened from the chief thoroughfare, she stopped the omnibus, gathered her bundle in her arms, still holding it mysteriously under her cloak, and disappeared into darkness.

I was spurred by an insane desire to jump out and follow her, but dominated by a conviction, equally insane, that this was not our last meeting.

Two months afterwards the conviction solidified, and became a fact.

I was in court as usual, and we were trying a prisoner. I say *we* not from conceit, but sympathy; it was impossible for me to sit there day by day without identifying myself with one or other of the two sides of the great social question argued in my hearing. Usually I trembled with the accused, wondering what I should have been with his surroundings; to-day the prisoner was a mere animal, he repelled sympathy by his very presence; I was, for once, on the side of the law.

It was a common crime, robbery with violence. Robbery, in the person of two clever rogues, had made off with the booty; Violence had been taken, and was in the dock.

As he stood there, facing the crowd doggedly, shifting his position with any movement among the fellow-creatures who watched him, and always towards the movement, breathing audibly with open uncontrolled mouth, he reminded me of a young bull behind a fence, suspicious, sullen, knowing his strength, but not the weakness of the barrier that holds him. The prisoner was young, twenty perhaps; his round head was set bluntly on his shoulders, he had no neck to speak of,—and his chest and arms were of immense power. His ragged shirt showed hairy tufted elbows and shaggy wrists, and if his body spoke a terrible nearness to his brute ancestry, the eye that looked at us did little to contradict it.

His name was James Bond.

He could neither read nor write; he knew no trade but that of the garrotter, and it appeared he had been engaged as a specialist in that line by the men who had left him to face the police alone when disturbed at their work. The only sign he

made of any comprehension of the proceedings for or against him, was a singular, but expressive and probably involuntary, turn of the wrist when the constable described his method of garrotting ; and a dark purple flush that slowly stained his face and faded still more slowly, when it was mentioned that his companions had got away safely.

All went on as usual ; he was convicted and sentenced.

I was sorry for him, after all ; he was only a human illustration of matter in the wrong place ; a unit in an unsolved problem which has an infinite progression. With his strong arm and power of resistance, he might have served his country bravely as a sailor or soldier ; but just where nature had cast his lot, there was no room for him, and small wonder if he trod his fellows down in the instinctive struggle to find foothold.

I had let my thoughts wander a little, and was asking a man near me the term of the sentence, when I was startled by a loud childish voice shouting across the Court :

"Never care, Jim ; I'll look for ye !" I raised my head and met the round eyes of the girl I had seen in the omnibus.

She had evidently addressed the prisoner, for he looked sullenly at her face for a moment as he was led away, and muttered something which might have been either a curse or a blessing, it was so far removed from any human language I knew.

Of course she was taken out of court, and this time I followed her. She saw me, and approached me with a half-confidence which reminded me of the timid venture of a frightened animal whom hunger or terror has urged to an unusual shelter.

"How much did he get ?" she asked. I told her the number of months James Bond was to be in prison.

Her round eyes were full of fear, but not of tears. I remembered that, such as he was, James Bond was probably her only protector.

"What is your name ?" I ventured to ask.

"They call me Jim's Meg."

"You are his wife ?" I said, remembering her wedding-ring.

"Ay, I'm all that," Meg answered, and her face flushed with something that looked like happiness.

"Are you going home ?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"Jim swopped our corner just before he was took," she explained. "They let me sleep there last night, but I won't

again. Old Bet was drunk, and my boots aren't heavy like Jim's to throw at her. No, I'll sleep somewhere with Dick."

"Who is Dick?" I asked.

"Jim's dog." And following her glance I saw, shivering with his back against a lamp-post just outside the court, a white bull-terrier. We were near the door by this time, and went out together. The dog looked at Meg, but did not move.

"He's waiting for Jim," she said, with much concern. "Jim sets a lot on him. He's won him many a fight. You see he's only half-bull, and fellows bet against him when they see him first; but he's plucky, and he holds on when he hears Jim's voice, and pots a lot."

"Ah," I said, "and he will take care of you?"

"I must take care of him," Meg answered, an anxious look coming into her eyes. "Jim would never look at me if I lost Dick."

Poor Meg! This was the beginning of our acquaintance; but I learned to know her simple heart pretty well in the months of Jim's absence.

I got her a lodging with a decent woman, where she could sleep in peace, without having a boot ready to throw; but that was all she would let me do for her. She was very reserved, and I heard more about her from her landlady than from herself. She fetched work from a slop-shop, as I had imagined, stayed indoors almost all day at her needle, went out with Dick to get her supper and have a romp with the rough girls she knew, and then came in to bed.

I always paid her rent, and left her to feed and clothe herself, which she seemed to do easily—for her wants, especially as regards clothing, were few. She became a trifle cleaner, not much,—it never seemed to occur to her that washing was comfortable—and her language, which took its tone from her associates, lost some discordant adjectives. For the rest, she looked just as I had first seen her in the omnibus.

Once, on one of our rare meetings, for Meg had an independence of life which I respected—I ventured to speak of James Bond, and even to urge her leaving him. I had made inquiries of the police, to whom Bond's career seemed pretty well known. The present was his third term of imprisonment. He was a bad lot, selfish, cruel, brutish; not the kind to marry, the inspector assured me. The girl had better take her liberty while she could; he would do her no good, and perhaps throw her over as soon as he came out of prison.

I was convinced of this, and yet had not the heart to warn her, until one day I saw her walking up the Edgware road in front of me, with Dick at her heels. She was soon overtaken, when the dog greeted me with a growl of recognition—like his master's, his blessings sounded somewhat like curses.

"Meg," I said, "do you mean to go back to Jim when he comes out?" I had fallen into her unconventional way of going direct to the subject.

She looked hurriedly at Dick as he plodded behind.

"If I don't lose the dog," she said.

"Is he kind to you, Meg?" I asked, with some diffidence; but she did not resent the question.

"He's kinder than some, and I belongs to him," she said simply.

Here was my difficulty; she belonged to him, or she thought so. While I was considering, she went on—

"He got me a ring," she said, twisting the little brass circle round and round on her finger. "He don't think much of them himself, but he got it me. Mother had one, and I wanted one. It was kind of him."

She turned and looked quickly in my face, her eyes full of longing to hear me praise Jim's kindness.

"Where were you married, Meg—in Church?" I asked.

She looked puzzled. I do not think she connected marriage with Church at all.

"I can't remember—I don't know what you mean—Churches are for rich folk," she answered, in broken snatches.

"Was your mother there?"

"Where? Mother's been dead three years. We made it up out hopping in the country; when we came to London he got my ring."

"But, Meg," I said plainly, "if you leave Jim I could get you taught to read and write, and you could earn more money, and live a less rough life—it must be very rough for you in this London court sometimes."

"It's not rougher than out hopping," she said—Meg was a regular Mark Tapley in petticoats. "I don't want to read and write, Jim would only laugh at me. No, I can't leave him, I belongs to him, he gave me my ring, and I'll wait till he comes out."

As she spake a shadow crossed her face, and she looked down. We were standing now at a street corner where her way

turned from mine, and the hum of the crowd continually passing formed a murmuring in which our words lost their isolation—one can often be confidential in a crowd.

"Some day, p'raps," she said quietly, and without any show of feeling, "he may not care to have me any more, then maybe I'll learn to read."

Brave little Meg! she saw the way before her well enough. I suppose most of us might learn by bygone experience, but that we are sufficiently conceited to think our case will be exceptional. We know what has happened in the battle of life, history has repeated itself often enough to be learnt by most of us; it is not that our case is the exception, but we ourselves are the exceptions who shall tread unhurt where others fell.

Meg had none of this sublime self-confidence; she knew the way most women had to go amongst her companions, knew that neglect, and hard blows, and harder words had to be borne by most, and she did not hide from herself that she would tread that path too. At present it was at a little distance, and she would wait—when the time came, "then maybe she would learn to read."

I did not speak to her again for many months. I think she avoided me, for once or twice I caught sight of Dick's dirty whiteness in the distance, but Meg was not to be seen, though she could not have been far off. James Bond came out of prison, and, much to my surprise, found her out, and took her "home."

When I went to pay her rent one Saturday, the woman with whom she lodged told me her "man" had fetched her, and that Meg had taken her bundle, and told her landlady to thank me.

"Did he seemed pleased to find her?" I asked.

"Well, the dog knew him, and he looked half-pleased at that; and he asked a lot, as far as I could make out, about how she got a room here, and told her she was a fool not to get more out of you, sir; and then he said he was going to supper, and she could come too if she liked, and he whistled to the dog and went."

And she followed him. Affection, in the sense of the word as we understand it, she had never known. He came for her; he had enquired for her—or for Dick?—among their old companions, and fetched her home; it was not much, but she expected no more, and followed him.

The last time I saw Meg was when James Bond had been out

of prison for two or three months. It was a Scrooge-like Christmas Eve, which seemed resolved to gratify itself by making everybody miserable. In the afternoon a yellow fog, which had not even the smoky warmth of an ordinary London fog to recommend it, but which had chilled itself by adopting the drizzling misery of a country mist, settled over the streets.

The lighted shops, decked with Christmas fare and Christmas presents, looked blurred, like magic-lantern slides out of focus; the private houses only asserted their existence by a sense of oppression which weighted the eyes when turned in their direction, making one realize how a blind man knows that he is facing a wall.

The streets were dismally silent from the absence of traffic; cabs had ceased to run, and only a few tradesmen's carts, conveying necessary provisions, crawled cautiously from door to door in the richest streets.

I was walking home, since I could find no omnibus that would venture beyond Chapel Street, and had nearly reached my destination, the fog having lifted a little towards the end of my journey, when just beyond the cheering glimmer of a little public-house not a hundred yards from my own door, I was confronted by a short girlish figure, which I knew at once to be that of Jim's Meg.

"They've run him in," she whispered, through the fog.

"How's that, Meg?" I asked, not very much surprised at her statement. "What has he been doing—his old ways again?"

She came close to me.

"Worse than that, worst of all, the worst there is," she whispered.

"Not——"

"Ay, that's it, you know, though you can't say it; but I can—it's murder."

"Good God! Are you sure, Meg?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Come in and tell me. Can nothing be done?"

And as I took her into the house, startling my old servant by doing so, I confess that for the moment all thought of justice fled, and I was filled by the simple human longing to save a fellow-man from a dreadful penalty. When I got her in by the lamplight, I saw how Meg was changed. Her girlish roundness of face had sharpened, her country colour had faded. She could not have been much more than sixteen, seventeen at the most,

but round her mouth and in her eyes was the touching dignity of sorrow.

"What is it, Meg?" I asked.

"It's his pal," she answered, almost absently. I could see she was thinking of something beyond. "They quarrelled about the dogs. Jim struck him with his knife they say, and he's dead."

"You are sure; I mean you know Jim had a knife, and that he struck the man?"

"Yes—I know; that's what I'm come about." And for the first time her eyes fell, and she plucked at her shawl nervously. "There's a girl, a pal of mine, she saw him, and she's got to tell. What can I do?"

"She's got to tell—what do you mean? is she called as a witness?"

"Yes, that's it—be a witness; that means tell all you know. I made it out—somebody was bound to make it out, and I did. You see I belongs to him."

A wonderful transfiguration came over her face, and filled it with tender womanhood, linking it to another womanhood higher and purer than hers, and from which she had hitherto seemed far away. I think she would have said, "I love him," had she known how; but as it was, her old phrase told all.

"What can I do?" she asked again, as I said nothing.

"You mean how can you keep her silent, preventing her telling what she knows?"

"It's not that, she's game for that, she'd lie for him, and she'd swing for him, we're all pals you see; but—" and with the unusual effort at thought poor Meg's face grew troubled, and her words halted—"they've told me, the man who came about it and others, that you can't help peaching if they get you in there." I knew she meant in the witness-box. "They ask you questions, and you speak, though you'd rather bite your tongue out. Is it true?"

"Yes, Meg, I am afraid she cannot hide the truth; it is better to tell it simply and hope that—" but what could I tell her to hope? I stopped abruptly. "But is your friend, this girl, the only witness; did no one else see the quarrel?" I asked.

"No, that's it, Jim and the man were alone, only she was there, she'd only just come in; if she'd not come in they might have thought it a fight or an accident—she's the only one."

Meg leaned forward and put her hand on my arm.

"Can't you make up something—something for her to say? she'll say it," she cried eagerly, "she'll say anything, and you know what would save him."

I looked in her face, and read there what I might have guessed sooner, that she was the one witness, and that the thought of turning traitor to Jim was cutting her to the soul.

I turned away from her to think quietly, and the glitter of the brass ring on her finger caught my eye. Was she his wife? I pondered. I had never thought so, and the child was so hedged in by a certain womanly reticence that I had not dreamed of asking her again after my vain attempt to make her leave Jim long ago. It was not likely the couple were married, but it was possible, and it was her only hope now, his only hope for life, and it must be tried.

"Meg," I said, "there is one thing you ought to know. You are safe with me, and you must not mind my speaking out. No man can make a wife witness against her husband in England, and if——"

But her face was piteous in its wide gaze at mine. She was not ashamed, but only sorrowful, as she answered me, "sadly wise" at last. She looked at her little ring with a reproachful glance, but with no blush on her cheek.

"You need not talk of it," she said bluntly; "they told me. But I can't save him that way; I'm not wife enough for that, they say. If he'd only known how it would be, he'd have taken me to Church fast enough," she added, with bitter candour; then raising her head, she said defiantly, "but it will make no difference. I'll stick to him, and he knows it—if only you'll tell me how."

"No, Meg," I said gently, "there is nothing you could say. If I told you anything, I should be doing wrong, and it would do no good; they would find out at once you were not speaking the truth."

Then Meg got up, and gathered her shawl round her, and went towards the door. My heart ached for her. I suppose I was defeating the ends of justice, but I could not help myself. Just as she turned to go, I said—

"There is nothing I can think of, Meg, unless you can hide for a time, and keep right out of the way."

She pressed both hands tightly on her temples, and looked straight in my face with a wild stare.

"If," she said, her brow knotted with the effort she had made

to grasp my suggestion, "if no one came to speak, if I was not there to tell, would Jim get off?"

"I do not know. I will inquire; but if you are sure no one else saw the murder, very likely he might be saved. They are generally particular to have eye-witnesses of a crime like this. What does James Bond say?"

"He says he knows nothing about it."

"Where is the knife?"

She looked at me for a moment, then at the door, and then she opened the bosom of her dress and showed me a strong clasp-knife with a blade an inch across. It was shut, and she did not open it, but put it hurriedly away. She trusted me, but I was horrified. What if she drew suspicion to herself?

"Meg," I began, in a tone of remonstrance; but I had frightened her. She recognised an effort at respectability about me, the respectability which was antagonistic to Jim, and turned and went out quickly. I followed her to the gate; but the fog had covered everything again, and though I got a lantern, and shouted and searched, I failed to find her.

Nor did I find her until, all preliminary inquiries over, James Bond was brought up for trial.

The police were reticent, even to me whose face was so well-known to usher and inspector at my daily task of reporting; but I gathered that the evidence for the prosecution was not as conclusive as they hoped to make it. There had been one eye-witness of James Bond's savage blow, knife in hand, at his drunken companion, of this the authorities were convinced; but this one witness had eluded them.

"I shall clap my hand on her yet," said a terrier-like officer of the detective force to me, rubbing his wiry grey hair with a baffled gesture. "By-the-way, it is that girl you were interested in, sir. I suppose you do not know where she is?"

I was glad that I knew nothing; for though I cared little about James Bond's fate, I cared much for Jim's Meg's sorrow.

"Ah," I said, rather hypocritically, "then it will be all circumstantial evidence. The knife will be a clue, I imagine."

"The knife!" muttered my friend, irritably, "that's just it, we have not got the knife. James Bond was known to carry one, and he does not produce it; but you can't hang a man because he's lost his knife, even if you can show another man with a hole in his side to fit it. No, sir, it's a poor case,—a

poor case ; I'm as certain as I am that I see you, that Jim killed Robin, but we can't prove it, and unless I lay my hand on Meg we shan't prove it. You wait and see !”

I did wait, all through the first day, and every time the heavy door swung on his hinges I turned my eyes forcibly towards it, dreading lest I should see Jim's Meg. I knew so well how she would look, poor girl, the policeman's hand heavy on her shoulder, her shawl gathered round her, her frightened open-eyed, ignorant, innocent face turned towards us all. I knew so well, that once or twice I thought I saw her, and started up from my seat, but she did not come.

The case was adjourned one day for the production of an important witness, and with some comments from a young barrister who defended the prisoner on the weakness of the case for the prosecution, and much discontent on the faces of the jury, the business of the hour came to a close.

I was full of thought for Meg, and decided to walk home, so as to be alone. The girl had evidently run away, for she and Jim were too well known to the police to make any hiding-place among her former companions secure from search, or proof against betrayal.

In which direction would she be likely to go ?

Of course I had not the slightest clue to guide me as to the whereabouts of a girl who would probably wander on aimlessly into the country. I walked in my perplexity as aimlessly as Meg, with the westerly evening breeze blowing in my face, until I found myself in the Harrow Road. This did not matter, it would be only a pleasant change to go home this way.

On still, with my head bent, until the road grew lonely and silent, and lamps were few, and the town's voice was no longer around but behind me. I was plunged in thought, dreaming of Meg's fate, when suddenly my dream changed to a vision, or so it seemed to me, and I heard myself called loudly.

I looked up, and felt on my face the damp freshness that blows off water. I was beside the canal which here skirts the road, on a somewhat higher level. I heard trampling feet, and saw darkly outlined against a dim and wind-blown vapour which veiled the sky, black figures of lads and boys.

Some bent over an object which lay half on the canal bank, half in the wash of the water ; others breathlessly told me what it was. I knew. It was a girl's body, wet and drowned ; the body of Jim's Meg.

The pale quiet face, with the shine of a lamp on its wetness, was Meg's,—there was a half-smile about the lips, and the eyes were shut.

I laid my hand where the child-heart should be beating, and felt against the soft breast something hard.

"Sixpence to each of you lads who runs for a policeman, a shilling to the one who brings him!"

A shout, the boys scattered along the road, and I was alone.

I knew why Meg had drowned herself, knew that for her there was no other way of hiding the truth, and though a pang shot through me as I remembered that perhaps I had urged her to her death, strangely, I was not sorry she lay there dead.

There are sadder things than dying, and according to her light, Meg had died well.

Quickly I unfastened her poor frock, and took from her bosom, what I had felt lying there, the knife with which James Bond had struck the murdered man.

I had hardly put it away safely,—not daring to drop it in the water lest the police should search the canal, when a boy returned panting, followed by a constable, and claimed his shilling. He was able to tell us how the body came to lie as it did. A barge had passed, and the lantern standing on deck shone on a white floating face,—one of the barge-men had dragged her up, "out of the way of the boats," the boy said, and left her there, and then some other lads came up, and then they heard me pass and called.

By this time a second policeman joined the first.

"I ought to know her," he muttered. "Why it's the girl who's wanted; it's Jim's Meg! She's got the whip-hand of Scotland Yard and no mistake!"

I listened while the two men talked "professionally," heard where the body would be taken for the inquest, gave my card, and was told I should probably be obliged to appear before the coroner, and left some small change with one of the constables to be paid to the other boys, the pad of whose ill-shod feet could now be heard in the half-darkness.

Then I went home. The idea possessed me to help Meg to the end; James Bond's knife must be destroyed. I took it to pieces, broke up the buckhorn-handle, and buried the blade in my garden. Who shall say I was wrong? If I had given up the knife to the police, a strong proof of James Bond's guilt

would have been gained, and Meg might have died in vain. He was not worth saving, but she had died to save him, and his life's value must henceforth be reckoned by the price paid for it.

Meg succeeded.

A hush fell on the court when we were told next day that the one witness for whom we waited had passed beyond all questioning, out into the great silence.

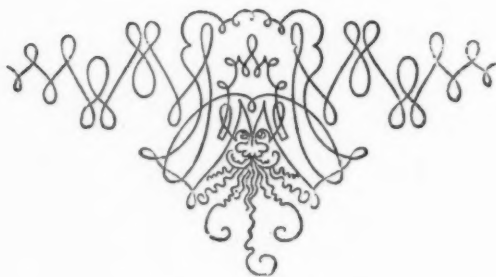
A constable came forward to say that he had seen her dead. I think most of us guessed why she died.

The prisoner uttered a choking guttural sound, and looked up quickly, a certain watchfulness was noticeable in his face, and his dogged indifference changed to the restlessness of hope.

The Judge summed up: the jury retired, but came back in less than half an hour. Red Robin, the dead man whose surname was unknown, had been murdered, but there was some doubt as to James Bond's connection with the crime; the Jury gave him the benefit of the doubt, and Meg's Jim was free.

I did not see him again.

He would have resented speech from me, and perhaps with some reason. As to how he found himself out under the free skies again,—that was between him and Meg; I think he knew what he owed her.



“Night Thoughts.”



I.

THROUGH unimagined cycles of dead years —
Dim æons of the world-forgotten past —
Nightly, as now, hath raved the homeless blast
Around yon desolate mountain that uprears
Its moveless bulk against the circling spheres ;
And round those black-fanged skerry-cragg—aghast,
As with some monstrous dread—have roared the vast
Sea surges in the headland's caverned ears,
As now they roar—bursting in spectral spray ;
And that great gibbous moon glared down o'er all.
Lord God ! is LIFE alone ephemeral,
While the dead universe endures away ?
Not so ! The Living Soul born of Thy breath
In Thy life liveth—nor can taste of death !

II.

Far in the mountain gorge the hollow roar
Of torrent waters ; the wind's eldrich moan
Through the gaunt pines ; the mighty monotone
Of ocean billowing on the midnight shore !
Above—heaven's awful palimpsest, writ o'er
With fiery runes—as if for me alone,—
In language clear, but to my sense unknown ;
Nor ever to be known, though I should pore
Thereon with eye and heart and brain and soul,
Till that great day when like a burning scroll
The heavens shall perish, and upon His throne,
Sole 'mid the void abyss, God broods once more ;
While life and death, and time and matter pass,
And only *spirit* remains of all that was.

NOËL PATON.

Samuel Morley.*

THIS time last year every one was reading Mr. Hodder's 'Life of Lord Shaftesbury,' and admiring the tact and skill with which he had performed a vast and difficult task. Three large volumes barely sufficed to record the varied transactions of that grand career, filled from early youth to patriarchal age with philanthropy, politics, controversy, religious enterprise, social duties, the cares of a landed property, the responsibilities of a seat in Parliament. All these multifarious interests were illustrated by an enormous correspondence, and supplemented by a lifelong diary, in which the innermost concerns of the writer's heart and mind were analyzed and recorded in minute detail and at surprising length. This immense copiousness of material constituted a true "embarrassment of riches," and those who most sincerely congratulated Mr. Hodder on the successful discharge of his undertaking, felt that even his judicious editorship had barely contrived to bring the work within reasonable dimensions.

Very different was the task of writing Mr. Morley's Life. One handy volume of less than five hundred pages records all that posterity is to know of the man, his career, and his work. It is an uneventful story of consistent piety, successful industry, and constant effort for the good of others. And the theme, thus inherently simple, is not enriched with those exercises of self-questioning and self-revelation by which lives, outwardly commonplace, are sometimes rendered intensely interesting to the student of human character. Here we find no diary, except the most cursory records of holiday travel; no correspondence beyond the brief and business-like letter-writing of a merchant whose time is money. For analysis of the inner man, for spiritual introspection, for records of doubt

* The 'Life of Samuel Morley,' by Edwin Hodder. London, Hodder and Stoughton; 1887.

and speculation, for the outpouring of heart and mind in unrestrained intercourse with a sympathetic spirit, we shall look in vain. Here are no "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized." For to Samuel Morley the world was intensely real. It was a place where hard work must be definitely done, and where there was no room for idlers and dreamers. Practical, keen, firm, unimaginative, tenacious, he saw what he saw very clearly, but, we suspect, he was inclined to regard all who had a wider vision as visionaries and nothing more. Mr. Hodder's biography presents Mr. Morley to us in the three main aspects of his life, as a Christian, a Merchant, and a Dissenter, and whatever else is interesting or noticeable in his career will, in the last analysis, be found referable to one or other of these principal divisions. Before we approach them, we must briefly recall the few and simple incidents of his life.

Samuel Morley was born at Homerton on the 15th of October, 1809. He had three sisters and two brothers, all older than himself. His father was in business as a hosier, and manufactured at Nottingham (where his family had long been settled) the goods which he sold in London. He was a staunch Liberal in politics and an Independent in religion, and he sent his sons to Nonconformist schools at Melbourn in Cambridgeshire, and at Southampton. There Samuel Morley received his education, and at the age of sixteen he entered his father's house of business in Wood Street, Cheapside. Here he very soon made his mark as an energetic and capable tradesman, and, before his father's death, he became absolute master of the business, which he controlled, with ever-increasing success, till the day of his death. In 1841 he married Miss Rebekah Hope, daughter of Mr. Samuel Hope, a banker of Liverpool, and by her had a numerous family. In 1865 he was elected M.P. for Nottingham, but was unseated on petition. He subsequently was returned for the City of Bristol, which he represented till the General Election of 1885, when he retired. In the summer of that year he was offered and declined the honour of a peerage. His health was already failing, and, after some months' illness, he died on the 5th of September, 1886.

Such were the principal landmarks of his prosperous but calm career. It now remains that we should shortly analyze his character and conduct, in the three main departments which we have already indicated.

No one who knew Mr. Morley personally—scarcely any who knew him even by repute—will be surprised that we should regard him primarily as a Christian. "A servant of Jesus Christ" was the eulogy inscribed upon his coffin, and it never was more suitably bestowed. His life was, from its earliest days to its close, a life of service inspired by faith.

That faith was of the implicit order. It was not Samuel Morley's lot to win his way to spiritual peace through the fiery torments of religious doubt. His early influences were singularly happy. At a time when dry legality was the prevalent teaching of the Established Church, and a savage Calvinism had darkened so many Nonconformist communions, the elder Mr. Morley and his wife brought up their children in a bright, genial, and hopeful Christianity. The love of a Heavenly Father, the reality of our reconciliation with Him, the duty and happiness of serving Him in ministering to others; these were the themes on which Samuel Morley's opening thoughts were taught to dwell. It is interesting to note that his was no precocious spirituality. He was a quiet, steady, well-living boy, who shunned evil, and tried to do his best; but he had none of the spiritual raptures which the biographers of young Christians have so often portrayed.

When he was about twenty years old, he became acquainted with a famous preacher among the Independents, the Rev. James Parsons of York; took great pleasure in his society, and went to hear him whenever he preached in London.

One Sunday morning, at the Old Weigh-House Chapel, Mr. Parsons was insisting on the necessity of an absolute surrender of the whole being to God, if the true end of man is to be attained, and human life to be made happy and profitable. Young Samuel Morley's heart and head responded to the appeal. "It was characteristic of him, then and always, to act with promptness; and he said to himself, If this is to be done, it should be done at once. And, from that day forth, he had a definite plan and purpose in life."

The tone and temper of Samuel Morley's religion were essentially Evangelical. He held with intense tenacity and unswerving steadiness the great central doctrines of Sin, Free Grace, and Justification by Faith, as they have been traditionally held and taught by all the communities of orthodox Nonconformists. He was loyally attached to his own denomination—that of the Independents, or Congregationalists, as they are now

more generally called,—and regarded their constitution as more nearly approaching the Scriptural ideal than that of any other body. But he was entirely charitable towards those that were without, and we read of his joining in worship with Evangelical Church people; Scotch Presbyterians, both Established and Free; English Dissenters of all orthodox confessions. He even protected, assisted, and sometimes worshipped with a small body of “undenominational Christians,” akin to Plymouth Brethren, who had established themselves near his home in Kent. It is only towards the High or Sacerdotal section of the Church of England that we trace any signs of hostility or harsh judgment.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Morley’s abstract opinions on religious matters, it cannot be gainsaid that his was an eminently practical religion. His wealth was immense, and to a great extent of his own making, yet his chief enjoyment was neither in making nor in hoarding it, but in giving. He regarded himself rather as a steward than as an owner, and realized with all the intensity of his strong nature his responsibility in the use of this tremendous power for good. “*Donorum Dei dispensatio fidelis*,” might well have been the motto of his life. In the course of each year he received several hundreds of begging-letters. He read, or at any rate glanced at, all, and briefly noted on each instructions for the answer to be sent. The large majority were simply marked “Yes,” with £10 or £100 added as the sole memorandum of the disbursement. Time would fail to enumerate the various objects to which he gave. Religious institutions, colleges, churches, chapels, mission-rooms, and missionary societies came first. Then hospitals, asylums, orphanages, schools, and every other enterprise of secular benevolence. To individuals he was lavish. Widows and orphans, ministers overburdened by sickness and domestic care, exhausted workers, men of business who had met with misfortunes, were the constant recipients of his thoughtful and discriminating charity. If we remember the enormous sums—£5000 and £6000 at a time—which Mr. Morley contributed to large undertakings in which he was interested, and add to them the constant stream of lesser gifts, ranging from five pounds to a thousand, which flowed in response to his private correspondence, we shall probably not be wrong in saying that he was the most munificent giver of his day.

Nor was the mere act of giving the only form in which his

Christianity showed itself. His way of giving was characteristic. If it were possible to conceal his share in a benevolent act, he would do so. If it must be known, he studiously underrated it. He did personally, by inquiry, by visits, by gracious acts of friendly attention, the errands of mercy which most men, as busy and as rich, would have delegated to an almoner. He was not only a cheerful, but a modest and a delicate giver. Benevolence was probably a part of Samuel Morley's natural character, and it was accompanied by other natural attributes of honesty, straightforwardness, and love of truth. But there were some features in his character, as originally constituted, which were less agreeable; and the essentially real nature of his religion was peculiarly manifest in the earnest and humble care with which, through a long course of years, he strove to curb impatience, to check hot temper, to moderate harsh judgments, to "suffer fools gladly." As life advanced, it was beautiful to see in Samuel Morley an exemplification of the dogma laid down by Mr. G. Richmond, R.A., that every man makes his own face. As a young man, we read that he was not handsome. The imperious lines of the mouth, and the rather arrogant carriage of the head bespoke, by outward and visible signs, the strong will and proud independence of the inner man. But as years went on, and prayer and faith and watchful endeavour softened the temper and enlarged the heart and refined the sympathies, the countenance acquired a singular benignity, and the whole bearing and demeanour became gracious and encouraging. Especially in dealing with men much younger than himself, his air of friendliness was touched with fatherliness, in a fashion which was peculiarly winning. Enough remained in the structure and lines of the face (admirably represented in a vignette at the beginning of this biography) to indicate a man of resolute character and inflexible purpose; but hardness and harshness had disappeared. These external changes testified to the fact that Mr. Morley was one of those rare and helpful characters

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Look forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, *daily self-surpassed*."

Much more might be said about Samuel Morley in the religious aspects of his character, but it is time to turn to his more secular side. No one who knew him would ever have dreamed of calling him a very clever man. He had no gifts of

fancy or invention ; no brilliancy of thought or expression ; no originality of mind ; no wide sympathy with intellectual interests and pursuits. His accomplishments were those of an ordinary man of business. He was a dull and ineffective speaker. Looking at him as a mere member of society, it would be difficult to say that he was distinguished, as far as mental constitution and equipment went, from the great mass of Englishmen similarly born, educated, and circumstanced. Yet the moment we turn to consider Samuel Morley as a merchant, our estimate undergoes a sweeping change. In the house of business, his "foot was on its native heath," and the true capacity of the man appeared. Skill in organization, keenness in seeing a bargain, firmness in pursuing it, courage mixed with caution in speculation, boldness in productive expenditure, far-sighted enterprise in opening up fresh avenues of trade, absolute mastery of the technical details, materials, and methods of business ; all these priceless gifts were combined in Samuel Morley. When he entered the house in Wood Street, his father still presided over it ; his elder brothers were in it before him, and his uncle managed the manufacturing branch at Nottingham. Young Samuel Morley was put into the financial department, and there distinguished himself by his intuitive foreknowledge of the fluctuations of the market. By sheer force of industry and capacity he soon acquired a general supervision over the rest of the house. He knew every department and incident, however mechanical, of the trade, and thereby obtained a commanding influence over his clerks and workmen.

As years went on, the control of the business passed more and more completely into his hands. His father and uncle died. His brother retired from the concern, and from 1855, he wielded an undivided rule which he might have described in John Wesley's words : "If by arbitrary power you mean a power which I exercise simply, without any colleagues therein, this is certainly true, but I see no hurt in it."

Unsparring in personal exertions, Samuel Morley tolerated no idleness in others. Slackness, carelessness, shirking, were intolerable to him. He had scant patience for stupidity and slowness. The slightest deviation from honesty or subordination was visited with instantaneous dismissal.

The system thus administered was truly gigantic. Seven factories in the midland counties, employing directly three thousand hands, and, indirectly, many thousands more, are occupied

in manufacturing the commodities sold in Wood Street. All these factories are excellently managed, special attention being bestowed on cleanliness, light, and ventilation. The top price is paid for labour, and pensions and annuities to old and disabled employes are given on a scale unprecedented in the history of commerce. The amount of business transacted in Wood Street may best be estimated by the fact that two thousand letters, on an average, are received there by the first post every morning, and from sixty to one hundred by each succeeding post throughout the day. The general direction of the enormous trade which this correspondence implies, and of which it is no exaggeration to say that it extends all over the civilized world, Mr. Morley kept in his own hands. His keen insight perpetually discerned fresh openings. His indomitable courage turned even crushing disasters into occasions of profitable developments. His absolute knowledge of his business made his opinion law throughout the whole of the trade with which he was connected. His transparent honesty and scrupulous fairness in all dealing secured him a practical monopoly of custom, for in trading with "J. & R. Morley" every purchaser knew for a certainty that he would get his money's worth.

To sum up this estimate of Mr. Morley as a merchant, we may say that his innate aptitude for commerce, consecrated and directed by Christian principle, made him what he was. "He stood in the most dangerous and trying position in which any man could stand; he had protested against every form of commercial immorality, and had proved the possibility of carrying on business to an unprecedented success, in accordance with the letter, as well as the spirit, of the Gospel."

We now propose to consider Samuel Morley as a Dissenter, and it is under this heading that we shall record his political career. For he was a Dissenter first, and a politician afterwards. It was his zeal for Dissent, and his desire to obtain fair play for Dissenters, that first led him into political strife. The legislative projects which concerned his co-religionists, their civil rights, and their spiritual liberties, were those which engrossed the largest share of his sympathy and interest. The period covered by his activity in the political interests of Dissent covers just fifty years.

In 1836 he began speaking in public on behalf of those who, for conscience sake, suffered imprisonment rather than pay Church rates. He appealed to all Dissenters to bestir them-

selves, and "put down for ever these vexatious and unjust imposts."

In 1839 he took a prominent part in the controversy about religious education in elementary schools, conceiving that the policy of the Government was hostile to the interests of spiritual religion. In 1841 he promoted the establishment of the *Non-conformist* newspaper, which, under the editorship of Mr. Edward Miall, aimed at demonstrating the inherent mischief of a national establishment of religion. In 1843, in concert with the enormous majority of Nonconformists, Mr. Morley flung himself with great earnestness into the work of the Anti-Corn Law League, which he regarded primarily as an enterprise of Christian humanity.

In the same year, but with more doubtful wisdom, he strongly co-operated with his fellow-religionists in their opposition to Sir James Graham's Factories Education Bill, which they denounced as "an attempt to create an educational establishment, in which the State schoolmaster was to do the work which the State priest was unable to effect." In 1844 was founded the institution which has subsequently received the name of the "Liberation Society," and Mr. Morley was an early member of it, though he resigned his membership on being returned to Parliament, in order that he might enjoy more perfect freedom of action in dealing with problems affecting Established Churches. In 1847 Lord John Russell's proposals with reference to national education, re-awoke the Sectarian hostility of the political Dissenters, and Mr. Morley was chosen Chairman of the "Dissenters' Parliamentary Committee," which had the twofold object of opposing the Prime Minister's scheme, and promoting the return of Dissenters to Parliament.

In 1855 Mr. Morley's political activity took a more secular turn. The Crimean War engaged all thoughts, and he was deeply stirred by the horrors and disasters of that grim campaign. Deeply convinced that the sufferings of our troops and the delayed triumph of their arms were referable to official mismanagement, Mr. Morley, who himself possessed all the organizing power of a great general, threw himself heart and soul into the work of administrative reform. He became Chairman of the Administrative Reform Association, and presided at a monster meeting in Drury Lane Theatre.

In the year 1862 it was determined among the Independents, Baptists, and Presbyterians to celebrate the two hundredth

anniversary of the ejection of the two thousand clergymen who refused to accept the Act of Uniformity. This celebration was styled the Bicentenary of Nonconformity, and Mr. Morley, like the keen Dissenter he was, took a prominent part in it. The most tangible result of the movement was the erection of the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street, to which he contributed £6000, besides the benefit of his counsel and assistance in the matters of business connected with the building. At this period great dissatisfaction arose in Nonconformist circles about the insufficiency of chapels in London. A movement was set on foot to supply the deficiency of accommodation, and in six years Mr. Morley contributed to this object £14,000.

In 1865 Mr. Morley yielded to pressure which his friends had long and earnestly applied, and stood in the Liberal interest for Nottingham, with which he and his family had been so long and so closely associated. His platform, putting aside the commonplaces of accepted Liberalism, was distinctly Nonconformist.

He was resolute for the abolition of Church Rates. He would abolish all University Tests. He would try to secure a distribution of the revenues of the Church of England among its ministers, according to merit. He would preserve all religious endowments for religious uses, and recommended the largest measure of independence and self-government for the Church.

The election was conducted under circumstances of great violence and brutality, but Mr. Morley was returned at the top of the poll. He made his maiden speech on the Church Rates Abolition Bill, and subsequently spoke in favour of the abolition of Tests. A month later he was unseated on petition, in consequence of some unauthorized employment of voters by his agent. If we except domestic bereavements, this reverse was the first and probably the greatest sorrow of Mr. Morley's life. But he was not the man to sink under a blow, however crushing, and he was soon as fully occupied as ever with his old pursuits. In 1868 he became largely interested in the *Daily News*, with which the *Morning Star* was amalgamated, and the proprietors of the joint concern were deeply and constantly indebted to Mr. Morley for the prudent counsel and administrative skill which he brought to the conduct of their enterprise. At a bye-election in 1868 he stood and was defeated for Bristol, but was returned at the General Election in the autumn of that year.

This seat he retained till he resigned it at the Dissolution of 1885.

In the Session of 1869 Mr. Morley, as might be expected, cordially supported Mr. Gladstone in the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. In the debates on the Elementary Education Bill of 1870, he followed Mr. Forster in his resolve to secure religious teaching in the schools, and in so doing he found himself, greatly to his sorrow, opposed on a question of important principle to the great majority of his Dissenting brethren. Immediately afterwards, he was elected a member of the first School Board of London. In 1871 he supported the Bill for legalizing marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, and warmly promoted the University Tests Bill, both in and out of Parliament. In 1872 he was a prominent advocate for the settlement of the Burials Question.

Throughout Lord Beaconsfield's second administration, and especially during the Eastern Question, Mr. Morley cordially accepted the policy of Mr. Gladstone, for whom he entertained an ever-deepening sentiment of affection and respect, "which," according to his biographer, "was difficult to distinguish from hero-worship." We have only lately seen, in the ex-Premier's speech at Nottingham, how cordially and appreciatively the feeling was reciprocated. During the General Election of 1880, an unfortunate incident occurred. As it was made the subject of much unfavourable comment from opposing sides, and caused Mr. Morley the deepest pain, it had better be described, for accuracy's sake, in Mr. Hodder's own words.

"There was no one whose influence was more powerful in Liberal Nonconformist circles than his, and to many constituencies, where the Nonconformist element was strong, he had, at the time of the General Election, been asked to send, and had despatched, telegrams calling upon the electors to unite their efforts to keep out Tory candidates. When a similar application was received from Northampton, Mr. Morley was asked, 'Shall we send the usual telegram?' and, without pausing to consider what was involved in the decision, he answered, 'Yes, let it go.'"

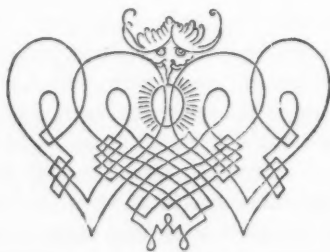
This simple inadvertence caused Mr. Morley the most passionate regret, and occasioned something not much less than a scandal in the religious world. He took the most practical step to remedy his previous error, as he considered it; for he separated himself from his party, and steadily voted against

Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to take his seat. Later on, when Mr. Bradlaugh stood for re-election, he wrote, "If I were an elector of Northampton, I should vote for the Conservative candidate. I should do this as an act of allegiance to God and to public morality, and without the slightest compromise of my attachment, never so strong as at the present moment, to Liberal principles."

In 1882 Mr. Morley, who for many years past had, for example's and influence's sake, practised total abstinence, publicly took the Blue Ribbon at Bristol, and from that time he redoubled his efforts, already strenuous, in the cause of temperance.

The gradual failure of his health now determined him, greatly to the regret of his constituents, of his co-religionists, and of his personal and private friends, to leave Parliament; and his resolution was carried into effect at the Dissolution of 1885. But the needed repose came all too late. His life's work was done, and his vital force expended. His strength rapidly declined, and the end came quietly and without suffering in the following September. "*Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.*"

Samuel Morley has gone to his account, and, we may humbly trust, to his reward; leaving behind him the memory of a true Christian, an honest merchant, a princely giver, a loyal servant of the public, a devoted husband, and most tender father. Alike in his inner character and in his outward life, he was a worthy descendant of those Puritan ancestors whose blood and name he inherited, and from whom it is not fanciful to suppose that he derived the characteristic qualities of temperance, courage, and unwavering will.



Notes from a Naturalist's Diary in the Tropics.

THE 'Amphioxus' was not built in a day, and as it lies overturned on the strip of coral sand, a casual inspection discloses the fact that it has not been mended in a day either. It is out of place in the fierce glare of a tropical sun. Seen in the mellow light of a northern sky it would attract the artist in search of material for a picture of depression in the fishing industry. Its original name, tradition tells, was the 'Peep of Day' but that must have been when the world was much younger and went better. Its crew are in keeping with it. The owner of the craft, who bears the prophetic name of Joseph Smith, is sitting on its upturned keel, smoking a "long tom." He is a truculent looking negro, who at home is coxswain of the harbour master's boat, an occupation which, like that of the gentleman who gained his living by smoking glasses for viewing eclipses, "entailed protracted intervals of enforced leisure." He is just the man for the post, and I have much to do in curing him of an impression that my ways are as those of the harbour-master.

Stretched on the sand near him, is Alonzo, my servant—of the colour of butter sprinkled with snuff. He has not got the courage of a hen, but is active, willing and ingenious. I take credit to myself for having discovered this ingenuity at the first sight of him. Alonzo, who is careful of his personal appearance, had one day purchased two pairs of trousers, both rather tattered; but when one pair was put on over the other, the holes were found not to coincide, and so, between both, one respectable garment was contrived. He did not make the mistake of permanently attaching them to each other, but now wears one pair at sea and dons the other over it to go ashore. His appearance in one pair only is equivalent to hoisting the 'blue Peter'—we are ready to go to sea. This sign is not with-

out effect on Joseph Smith who has been contemplating him for some minutes, nor on two sturdy negress girls who stop on their way, knowing that their help will be needed presently in righting the boat. Coming down from the hut, I see the excellent Matthew, my diver, as active as Smith is the reverse, and as fearless as Alonzo is craven. He is the successor of "Funky Smith," whom I need not further describe. They all agree fairly well, except in my absence, when Matthew complains that Smith presumes too much on being owner of the boat, and when he lectures Alonzo on his extravagant habits—whether anent the extra trousers or not I never have found out. Such are my retainers, and the implements consist of two dredges, thirty fathoms of rope, a sounding line, a boat's grapnel, towing nets, a diver's glass, a chart and an array of jars. The diver's glass consists of a long box open at one end, and with a pane of glass at the other. The glazed end is thrust under the surface, thus abolishing the disturbing effect of ripples and giving a clear view of the bottom.

Over the placid surface of the bay a number of pelicans are flying on the look out for fish. By-and-by one makes a capture, when, swift as a glance, a frigate-bird swoops upon it, and the great clumsy pelican has to disgorge its prey. There is little other sign of animation in the scene. The Caribbean sea is as calm and peaceful looking as this desert shore. Long wooded headlands stretch out to sea on either hand, and behind us the night mists are rolling off the mountains and the steamy valleys of impenetrable forest and fever swamp. Bold as the mountain peaks are, they are densely clothed with vegetation to their summits and down again into the yawning craters they mostly enclose. But our business is with the shallow seas; and to gain a bird's-eye view of the bottom of the bay it is only necessary to climb the rising ground behind us for a hundred feet or so. A first glance at this magnificent view assures the spectator that it was no "waste of waters" that substituted this paradise of the biologist for the fever swamp it doubtless was, in the last epoch of its geological history, before the subsidence of the land had gone so far. A fever swamp may be to biologists a place of intense interest, but no effort of the imagination can people it with the beautiful forms of life and gleaming colour of coral reef that now have taken the place of the foetid pools from which rose vile gases and wherein Bacterial life held sway.

The tide does not enter into our calculations—it waits for everybody here, since the rise and fall measure only a few inches; but considerations of time affect me, at least, and the position of the sun is of importance to Matthew, the diver. Therefore I arise and join Matthew—the others stagger to their feet—all hands, including the girls, right the boat and the ‘*Amphioxus*’ is launched forth. The gear is carried off to us, and while Smith and Alonzo row, Matthew gets the dredge rope in trim and I assume the responsibilities of navigating the craft among the reefs, which, in many places, are just awash.

The mixture of coral, sand, and mud, at the bottom, supports a vegetation of much interest. Most abundant, paving the bottom, is a marine flowering plant (*Zostera*), common enough on our own southern shores. Here and there it is replaced by patches of another flowering plant (*Halophila*), leading a like anomalous life. It has a greater range in depth than the other, since I have followed it out to twenty fathoms (120 feet) below the surface of the salt sea. One looks upon such unusual things, with greater equanimity in this land of wonders, than in our better known native region. But there is another plant (*Avrainvillea*) here of surpassing interest to me, and of it we are in search. I make the rowers stop, Matthew takes off his clothes, and I examine the bottom closely through the diver's glass. Among the *Zostera* leaves it is found at last, and after a look through his glass, Matthew plunges into twenty feet of water. We see him grope about with his hands, and after what seems a long search, come gasping to the surface with the prize.

Its appearance to the naked eye is about as uninteresting as a thing may well be. A piece of felt rudely cut into the shape of a fan, and then lacerated round the margin, would give an idea of its shape and consistence. In colour, it is of a dark green, and this frond is supported on a stalk. The thing, moreover, is a seaweed living in its natural element. If, however, a small portion of it be taken and examined with a low power of the microscope, it will be seen to consist of a vast number of tubes inextricably interlaced, each repeatedly branching regularly into two upwards in the same plane, and thus producing the fan shape. You may search these tubes with a microscope for days together without finding one single cross-membrane, so that we may conclude the whole organism consists of one cell. By tearing a portion rudely apart, and holding the edge up to the light, these tubes may be seen with the naked eye, as very fine threads—finer than the most

delicate spider's web. Matthew reports that there is much of it at the bottom, so we shall take a haul of the dredge. This familiar operation is soon performed, and the specimens brought up this time show that they are united to each other under the mud by creeping stems, much as sedges and the like are. Now if the dredging is carefully carried out over a selected place, it is sometimes found that, go where you will, these fronds are connected with their neighbours in different directions, and the inference is justifiable that a colony of these, say covering nearly an acre, are all so connected along one strand or another of the creeping stems. If this fact be taken into consideration with the other one, that, search as you may, no cross membrane is found in any of the tubes, we have the astonishing result that this whole colony is not only one giant organism—but one giant uninterrupted cell—the biggest cell on record, if I may be pardoned the play upon words. The living protoplasm, which the microscope shows us at the tip of one of these fronds, is in direct touch, so to speak, with the whole mass. There is no structure like this known in the whole vegetable kingdom, and the only thing (in point of size only), at all resembling it, is the system of tubes which convey the latex in certain india-rubber bearing trees. These colonies, if I may so use the term, vary much in size, and may be found consisting of a few fronds;—or one frond may occur by itself which happens most often close in shore.

Growing near it, and in great abundance too, is a closely allied form (*Udotea*), consisting nearly always of only one frond, with its stalk and root-like appendages. The tubes in this case run pretty regularly alongside each other, and are not interlaced, though short lateral processes assist in producing a binding effect. The frond is of nearly similar shape, but very different consistence. The other was soft and spongy—this one is stiff and brittle, owing to a deposit of carbonate of lime. This deposit, which doubtless serves the plant otherwise as a defence, lends a support and coherence to the tubes composing the frond, just as the interlacing of them bound those of the other. Such mineral substances are frequently used by other plants, for a like mechanical purpose—among the higher plants, one may point to the silica, which gives rigidity to the stems of grasses.

Other examples of this interesting fact are not far to seek. In this bay, and on most reefs throughout the tropics, there grow two other organisms of the same structure, in which more carbonate of lime is stored than in the frond and stalk of *Udotea*.

One of them (*Penicillus*), possesses a frond of which the tubular system is not bound together, but each tube waves freely in the water diverging from the summit of a stalk, and resembling a shaving brush, more than any other common object I can think of. These tubes in some species of *Penicillus*, are either entirely or almost free from carbonate of lime, while in others they are thickly coated and bristly in appearance. The further example alluded to above (*Halimeda*), consists of a series of more or less heart-shaped bodies, strung necklace fashion, and the whole coated with an enamel of carbonate of lime, except at the joints, which therefore remain flexible. This habit of storing up carbonate of lime is most familiar in the case of another group of seaweeds, representatives of which are common on our own coasts, the corallines and nullipores. The mistake, however, must not be made of classing these with those I have been describing, merely on the strength of this habit, which they have in common, as a distinguished zoologist did only twelve years ago, when, in the plenitude of his wisdom, he undertook to enlighten botanists on the structure of calcareous sea-weeds. What he told them was new, only so far as it was incorrect, though I am sorry to say the famous learned Society, which published his observations, didn't see it at the time.

In the meantime, the alert Matthew has discovered at the bottom, with the aid of his glass, a gigantic lobster—certainly the biggest I ever set eyes on—and the interests of sport and dinner suddenly intervene. No properly organised biologist could think of calcareous siphonous algae in presence of the attractive spectacle of the naked unarmed Matthew preparing to grapple with the monster in his native element. Getting the boat into position, Matthew drops silently overboard, but his opponent swiftly retreats to the fastness of an adjoining reef. Matthew comes again to the surface, and we watch the lobster partly visible in his lair. After trying in vain to dislodge him with a boathook, we unanimously decide another attempt should be made on him where he lies, and, accordingly, Matthew, after several deep breaths, returns to the attack. A scene of wild struggling ensues down at the bottom, and it is clear Matthew has dislodged him, and is slowly bringing the beast to the surface. It seems an incredibly long time, but at last his head appears with a gurgle and an exclamation which I shall not repeat. We seize him (I prefer seizing *him*) and the lobster, which nearly scares Alonzo out of his senses as he tumbles back

into the boat with the great flapping brute on the top of him. We were similarly fortunate a few days ago, when a lobster, not so big as this one, by some mysterious accident got engulfed in our dredge, and came up tightly packed in coral sand scooped up by the shovel-edge used in dredging for these mud-loving sea-weeds. This incident coming at the end of several hours' hard work, and forcibly reminding us of breakfast, makes me shape a course for the shore.

After breakfast, and when the specimens collected in the morning have been suitably disposed of, I take a stroll along the shore, underneath overhanging manchineel and other trees, to examine the nature of a vast quantity of fruits, etc., which have been drifting ashore these last few days. As I go, innumerable crabs dart about on the sand, most of them very small, and all very active. They are not by any means easily caught, partly owing to this activity, but chiefly from the great number of small holes into which they pop as one places one's hand on what appears to be certain prey. The stems of the mangroves are literally encrusted with small oysters, which now and then emit a clacking noise. Farther down among the trees, I see Matthew engaged in an attempt to noose an iguana, so he must not be disturbed. I therefore take to poking among the drift rubbish at my feet, and find it largely composed of the fruits of a palm, which certainly has not been found growing in this island. In all probability they have come from the banks of the Orinoco, washed down by the great floods which prevail at this season. It is not a shore-loving palm, like the cocoa-nut, and though tons of its fruits land here annually, it has always, apparently, been resisted in this means of distribution. No animal has been found enterprising enough to carry it inland to a suitable station for its growth, and it might just as well remain in the current running outside and thence into the Gulf Stream and on to Spitzbergen. Sir Rawson Rawson, some years ago, recorded the fact that great irruptions of fresh water take place at this season on the coast of Tobago, our nearest neighbour to the south—with disastrous effect to marine life. The late Professor Dickie's enumeration of the sea-weeds of Barbadoes seems to negative the idea that this fresh water reaches Barbadoes in any appreciable quantity: but whether it comes from the Orinoco only, or from both it and the Amazon, I have no manner of doubt it accounts for the striking scarcity of red sea-weeds on this shore of Grenada, and the prevalence of

green ones, many of which at least love slightly brackish water. A week or ten days ago, we had a visitor in the harbour of St. George, from the Gulf of Paria most likely, in the shape of a gigantic devil-fish, only to be seen here at such seasons of flood, it is said. After hitting him five times with Snider bullets (to which three were added, to make sure, by the chief of police), I set out after him in a boat to bring the lifeless body ashore. We found the devil-fish, however, as hearty as before, to all appearance, and further battle was averted by his departure out to sea. Later in the day he returned, and resisted efforts made to harpoon him by other assailants.

Leaving Matthew engaged with his iguana, I return to the hut, and soon Alonzo and Smith and I take advantage of a breeze and with towing nets only on board make for the open sea. When we have got well into the current running outside, the towing nets are set, and the wind favouring us, we sail against the current for half an hour or more, and find at the end of it only a green slimy weed in the nets. With this, however, I am well content, and in fact find myself impatient for an interview with a microscope. When this does take place, my expectations are abundantly rewarded by the discovery that the green weed is none other than *Spirogyra tropica*, an inhabitant certainly of the Amazon, and presumably of the Orinoco. In the absence of apparatus for directly testing the matter, I find in this drifted weed emphatic indirect evidence of the dilution of the sea with the mighty flood of the Orinoco. In coming in, a ridiculous accident very nearly happens. Steering the boat, on which there is plenty of way, along a well-known channel, I suddenly see ahead what looks like the top of a rock just awash. There was certainly no such rock there this morning, but, barely clearing it, we come alongside to find the supposed rock more scared than I am, and rapidly seeking the depths—in the shape of a very fine turtle.

The afternoon is spent in examining specimens, while my men make an expedition by themselves to collect more of another Alga called *Caulerpa*. It is very nearly allied to those already described, with the same open continuous structure, but no encrustation. Several species of it are to be found here: one resembling bunches of very small green grapes in appearance, and another very delicate feathers. The walls of the great continuous cell are propped by numerous cross beams, though none of these form a perfect cross partition dividing the

organism into separate cell structures. Matthew knows very well what I want, and so the work of collecting goes on while I am necessarily engaged in examining material already obtained.

Six o'clock brings sunset. I had been led to believe that there was no twilight in the tropics.

"The sun's rim dips
The stars rush out
At one stride comes the dark,"

is a favourite quotation by tropical travellers of the sight-seeing sort. I watch the sun go down below the horizon of the calm Caribbean sea, with a great green flash. Then follows the "one stride," which is the poetical equivalent of half an hour here—but a few degrees north of the equator. The stars, when they do come, are brilliant and glorious—among them that fraud as a constellation the Southern Cross. I pointed it out one evening to a matter-of-fact planter and he complained that it wasn't even straight. Nothing but dire necessity tempts the negro abroad after dark. The dread of "Jumbies" is forever with him and in every bush he sees those

"cinnamon groves
Where nightly the ghost of the Caribbee roves."

We go early to rest. Under most circumstances (with mosquitoes in moderation thrown in) I soon "have an exposition of sleep come upon me." But to-night there is worse than mosquitoes, sand-flies and the like, in the shape of a large forgotten crab that has got among the bottles outside my door. If the reader has ever listened in the watches of the night to the erratic wanderings of a crab among shaky, empty bottles—listened to the bottle that only totters, to the one that strikes its neighbours all round, to the half-scratching half-whistling creepy noise of the crab's claws on the glass—to the final crash that brings him to his feet, he will understand that a gentle love of all living things may be turned to the fierce joy of slaughter and inhuman satisfaction with the deed.

GEORGE MURRAY.

An Exmoor Horse Fair.

WE left Paddington by the "Dutchman" on the morning of Wednesday, October 26. In London everything looked like the middle of winter. The trees were leafless, a biting east wind was blowing, and at the station passengers muffled in furs and ulsters were stamping up and down to keep themselves warm. As soon as we reached the open country, the sun was shining brightly ; but the sky had the hard metallic blue of frost. At three o'clock, when we left the lordly express at Taunton, and stepped into the humble little train that was to bear us to our destination, we seemed to have passed into another country and another climate. East wind and blue sky had alike departed, and in their stead we had soft grey sky and warm soft air. As we jogged along over the ups and downs of the local line at a speed much more like the pace of the proverbial Dutchman than that of the train we had just left, time seemed to have run back a month or two, and carried us with it out of winter into mid-autumn again. The rich grass of the meadows was bright green, and though the beeches had assumed their autumn tints, the oaks were still hesitating, while the tops of the elms were as fresh as if it had been July and not October that was drawing to a close. Nor had time, as it ran back, failed to "fetch the age of gold"—if one might quote Milton once again—"vegetable gold that smelt ambrosially" ; for in every orchard lay in huge heaps the bright little cider-apples. Nothing can be more beautiful to look at than these West-Country orchards, with every tree half a century old, gnarled and moss-covered from the bottom of the trunk to the top of the smallest twigs, and nothing unfortunately can be more unprofitable. Big, plump, juicy American apples are poured into Liverpool and Glasgow by the tens of thousands of barrels, while the cider-apples are sold for half the

price of potatoes, or are kept at home and used to feed the cattle on the farm.

Bampton, whither we were bound, lies upon the branch line running down the valley of the Exe from Dulverton to Exeter; but we had had enough of railways and changing carriages for one day, so we left the train at a previous station, and made our way to our destination on foot. Though the October Horse Fair is the great event of the local year, it would not exactly be true to say that its near approach had blocked the roads in the neighbourhood. Still as we reached the outskirts of the village, we passed a field that was filled with every possible variety of the horse kind. From the smallest of ponies to the largest of cart-horses, there they were by the dozen and by the score.

In the village itself, however, preparations for the important event of the morrow were in full swing on all sides. At every available corner advertisements of the sales by auction that were to take place jostled notices of the local flower-show that had remained in undisputed possession since the 30th of August. In the market-place men were busy fixing hurdles and forming sheep and cattle pens. Along the fronts of the houses barricades were being rapidly 'erected. Sometimes they were fixed a foot or two from the houses; but more often two or three bars of wood were merely nailed across the windows. Our thoughts naturally reverted to Trafalgar Square and the "unemployed" demonstrations, but this evidently was not the explanation of these precautions. Indeed in every window was a notice inviting visitors to enter and partake of refreshments. Tea and coffee were promised by the ironmonger, while the hams of the draper vied in size and attraction with the sausages and the cheeses of the neighbouring china shop. At one end of the main street hurdles are conspicuous by their absence. Here we learn the horse fair is held; a very sufficient reason for the absence of hurdles, which, unless indeed they were of very unusual height, might act as a most undesirable hint to an Exmoor pony to jump. In the market-place we come upon the oldest inhabitant, and question him how far the fair nowadays falls short of the glories of the good old times. To our surprise this *laudator temporis acti* admits that the horse fair is as important and as largely attended to-day as it was fifty years ago. But the degenerate mortals of the present age, instead of striding over the hills and arriving with the daylight in the morning, wait till eight or nine o'clock, and come by the first

train. Sheep and cattle, too, are not what they once were. Other fairs in the neighbourhood have sprung up, and robbed Bampton of importance that in former years attached to it. As it is horses, and not sheep and cattle, that we have come to see, we are well pleased with our informant's tale, nor can we profess to share his regrets that the commencement of the proceedings has been postponed even to so late an hour as nine o'clock.

In the inn-parlour the talk is all of horses and to-morrow's fair. A worthy customer, who looks like a butcher, pricks up his ears at the voice of a stranger, and inquires at once if we are buyers. "Not unless we see something both very good and very cheap," we answer cautiously. But the butcher has an animal to sell that satisfies both requirements. A pony warranted quiet to ride and drive, twelve hands high, and up to twelve stone weight, ready to trot us into Tiverton, seven miles off, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, price £12. Despite the mathematical smoothness and roundness of these figures, and the offer to prove their accuracy by driving us over there and then, we keep cool, and question why such a paragon is going so cheap. Next day, by the way, we learnt that there was apparently no limit to the strength, activity and endurance of an Exmoor pony, and that £12 was a very long figure indeed. Our friend replies that the pony has been accustomed to live indoors all the winter, and that this is too expensive for him, so he proposes to get a rough animal that can pick up its own living outside. Resisting all blandishments for the present, but promising to look at the pony next morning, we left the inn, and set off to walk across the hill to Dulverton, five miles off, where we were to spend the night.

The sun had set, but the moon had risen, and was nearly full as we came over the hill, and down on the farther side on to the sparkling waters of the Exe. Half an hour more, along the valley of its beautiful tributary the Barle, brought us to Dulverton, a picturesque little town which lives mainly on the visitors whom the chase of the Exmoor deer brings into the neighbourhood. The inn was as completely given over to hunting as though it had been at Melton or Harborough: the walls covered with hunting pictures and portraits of former Nimrods, not forgetting, of course, the Rev. "Jack" Russell. But the stag-hunting had come to an end the week before, and hind-hunting was not to begin till the beginning of November, and we consequently had the inn pretty much to ourselves.

Next morning, betimes, we were back at Bampton. From end

to end the long village street was blocked with horses and with cattle, with sheep and men. We say "men" advisedly, for out of doors, not a woman was to be seen. That they had not forsaken the place altogether was evident, as girls' faces might be seen gazing eagerly from every upper window, and at a later period of the day, when business had given place to pleasure, they came forth in crowds from their retreats. But an unwritten law appeared to prescribe that in the morning women should keep out of the way. This indeed was certainly just as well. The whole of the pavement on either side, right up to the doors and windows of the houses, was filled with endless flocks of sheep and endless herds of kine; the sheep generally in pens, but the cattle for the most part simply standing there in rows, with their heads to the wall. Now we saw the meaning of the barricades that had excited our curiosity on the previous evening.

Down the narrow passage in the middle surged, backwards and forwards, an endless stream of men on horseback, men on foot, droves of ponies, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, all mixed together in inextricable confusion. How the drovers ever kept their own droves together was a mystery. At every moment some frightened beast would break loose from the mob that was being driven past, and thrust its way into the midst of a herd that was standing at its appointed station by the roadside. Then the beast had to be identified—and this alone, as many were not branded at all, and what brands there were, were by no means too conspicuous, was far from an easy task. Once caught, he had to be separated from his self-chosen companions, and got back amongst his proper comrades, which meanwhile had been divided again and again by the incessant stream of new arrivals. But good-humour prevailed on all hands. At one moment a rider thrusts his horse between two farmers standing in eager converse. They draw back to let him pass, and then go on as before. Or again, if a man on horseback stops and blocks the road, it is only necessary to give his horse a cut with a stick. The horse will move on quietly, and the rider will take the gentle hint all in good part. Later in the day, when rain had been falling for hours without intermission, and the constant traffic had churned up a perfect sea of liquid mud, we wished indeed that horses and foot-passengers had had separate quarters assigned to them; but the natives, in their boots and gaiters (for not one man in ten wore trousers), strode sturdily through the mire and took no heed.

Nor was the good-temper of the animals less conspicuous than that of their masters. Many of the cattle had horns that a Highland steer might have envied; while as for the ponies, we had ample evidence that they could use their heels when it came to galloping or jumping, but however they were hustled or startled, not one of them that we saw attempted so much as a solitary kick.

The horse and pony sales did not begin till ten o'clock, so after a hasty glance round, we returned to the other end of the village to see how the cattle and sheep were selling. Needless to say, Bampton was no exception to the general rule, and animals were being given away at prices that were enough to break the hearts of the breeders, and to make those whose only concern with stock is in their butcher's weekly book, wonder more than ever where all the profit goes to. Well-grown young bullocks were fetching £10 or £11 the pair, while sheep and lambs were being sold at about the price of a Christmas turkey. Lambs, weighing fifty or sixty pounds at least, were to be had for a sovereign to twenty-four shillings, and two-year-old sheep at about thirty shillings. One pen we noticed in particular, containing three of the beautiful little Exmoor sheep. Though the auctioneer assured his clients, with truth, that they would be an ornament to any gentleman's park, we had to wait long for a bidding. At last some one offered seven shillings, and from that the price moved slowly up to eight shillings and sixpence. After a fresh pause, suddenly a voice said "Eighteen shillings." All turned to see the capitalist who was rich enough to make so magnificent a bid. But it was only the owner himself, who, with a forced laugh on a very rueful face, had bought his animals in, and would have to drive them back home again, having gained nothing by his pains but the privilege of paying the auctioneer his fee.

Back we trudged once more, to find the pony sales just about to begin. From Holnicote, and the northern slopes of Exmoor, close by Porlock, Sir Thomas Acland had sent a drove of thirty. From the heart of the "Forest," at Simonsbath, where the central chain of the Exmoor hills falls on the one side to the Exe, and on the other to its tributary the Barle, Sir William Knight sends a draft of no less than seventy. Simonsbath, according to the custom of local traditions, naturally has given rise to a legendary hero, an Exmoor Robin Hood, who used to bathe in a pool of the infant Barle. More erudite—though

possibly not less imaginative—antiquaries of the present day connect the name with Siegmund the Walsung. Possibly, however, the fact that kennels for the hounds that hunted the wild Exmoor deer were established there well-nigh three centuries ago, may be thought by modern Englishmen to give Simonsbath a better claim to fame than all its fancied connection with the legendary glories of Symon the hunter, or Siegmund the Walsung, or even the sterner realities of the Doones of Badgery. The present Devon and Somerset stag-hounds cannot indeed claim to be more than the adopted heirs of the old Forest Ranger's pack. This latter, which consisted of bloodhounds, was finally sold to Germany sixty years ago. Now-a-days the deer are hunted with fox-hounds.

Sir Thomas Acland's drove is the first to be brought to the hammer. The sale takes place in an inn-yard, divided into two parts by a wall running down the middle, with an ordinary farm-gate at either end. Against the outer side of the wall, a rough platform of a few loose planks is erected for the auctioneer. In the inner yard the ponies are running loose. The conditions of the sale are read over, and the sale begins. Lot No. 1, a well-grown two-year-old, is skilfully got away from its companions, and then driven by cries and flourishing of sticks to pass through the gate. The gate falls to again behind it, and the frightened little creature, looking more like a deer than a horse, with its startled eyes and springy step, finds itself in the centre of a ring of gazers. Too terrified to stir, it remains motionless, till it is driven to display its paces as well as is possible in a few feet of space by the farm bailiff, who stands in the centre of the ring with a big whip, much like the master of the ceremonies at a circus. The biddings are by no means brisk; the West Countryman evidently likes time to scratch his head and think, before he ventures on an additional half-crown; and as buyers are neither numerous nor keen, the auctioneer feels constrained to allow every potential buyer as long an interval for meditation as he can possibly desire. From £2, the offers gradually rise to £4 5s., at which the pony is finally knocked down. The next lot is a mare, with a foal beside her, a "sucker," as the country people term it. Very funny little creatures these suckers are, especially when, as is often the case, they have not been foaled till well on into the summer. Probably no one who has not been, if not on Exmoor, at least in Shetland or Iceland, ever saw so tiny a specimen of the

equine race. The present writer stood beside one and measured it carefully, and found that it was exactly the height of his umbrella, two feet eleven inches, or say $8\frac{3}{4}$ hands. He felt much tempted to buy it as a curiosity, which as its price was thirty-five shillings, could not have been a piece of very reckless extravagance, but was deterred by a helpless ignorance of the method in which he could get it away from Bampton. It was too big to pack in a hamper, and as for sending it in a horse-box, no one with any sense of humour who looked at the creature could entertain the idea for an instant. The full-grown pony is a very handsome animal, built for speed and activity. As they come up from their wild life on the bleak moor, of course their coats are rough and shaggy, and their bellies are big with feeding entirely on soft food. But their well-shaped shoulders, clean legs, and long springy pasterns give promise of development, with good food and good grooming, into a miniature thoroughbred. But in the sucker, the shaggy coat is more wool than hair, so long and thick is it indeed, that it has a regular wave in it; the head is disproportionately big, and, except for the shapely ears, more like a donkey's than a horse's; the tail, which often actually sweeps the ground, has a regular bunch in the middle of it; while the feet, beneath the long hair on the coronet, seem so small and so pointed, that one looks instinctively to see whether the hoofs are not divided. Altogether, one might say without exaggeration, that any one coming unexpectedly upon a young sucker, not knowing what he was likely to see, would be much more likely at the first glance to think he had seen a goat than a horse.

But we have kept foal and dam standing in the ring an unconscionable time, much longer than was necessary for the auctioneer to get rid of them. For the two together the highest offer was £5, so they were separated—not literally, indeed, for that was found impossible, till they, for the first time probably in their lives, had got halters on, but in the bidding—and finally the two realized some £7 between them. Then came a four-year-old, a handsome little animal that had been introduced to the restraints of civilized society, quiet to ride and accustomed to harness. It fetched the large sum of £10—with one exception, and that not for an Exmoor pony, the largest price we saw paid in the whole course of the day. Each animal, as it passed into the ring, was marked on the quarter with a number with a large branding-iron, not heated, but dipped into a pot of white paint. As the

ponies never stood still for a second to allow the operation to be properly performed, and as, moreover, their coats were soaked through and through with the rain, the mark was sometimes not as unmistakable as might have been desired. In this case the buyer would produce from his own pocket, or else would borrow from his neighbour a pair of scissors, and as the pony was just going with a neigh of delight to escape from the ring to rejoin its fellows, he would stoop down, and dexterously clip a lock of hair from some conspicuous place on the mane or tail.

Leaving the inn-yard, we moved a few paces higher up the street, to where Sir William Knight's ponies were being sold, in an apple-orchard lying behind the row of houses. In this orchard the ponies had been running loose all the morning. When the hour of the sale approached, they were all driven together into a part of the field where an enclosure had been formed with a post and rail fence nearly six foot high. From this pound they were to be let out one by one, as required, into an adjoining ring, marked off with more sheep-hurdles, in which they were offered for sale. But whether it was that the ponies from Simonsbath were wilder than those from the comparatively civilized neighbourhood of Porlock, or that they had more space to display their quality, we could not decide. Certain it was that all efforts to get the little creatures singly into the selling ring proved fruitless. Some indeed were got there, but not for long. Two of them in succession made a dash at a point in the hurdles separating them from their fellows, where they could see daylight between the bodies of the men who were standing round, and in spite of all cries, and waving of hands and flourishing of sticks, succeeded in getting through. It is true that, being baulked in their jump, they caught their feet in the hurdles, and, turning a somersault, landed on their backs. But that disconcerted them not one whit. Quietly picking themselves up, as though riding for a fall were an everyday occurrence with them, they trotted off contentedly to join their companions. After this, the line of the hurdles was more carefully guarded. But one little creature—it cannot have been fully twelve hands,—was not to be denied. Casting its eye right round the ring in front of the auctioneer nothing was to be seen but a charm like Vivien's "of woven paces and of waving hands"; only the side where the auctioneer was standing with his back to the hedge had been left unguarded. The hedge was formed of hazels, alder, and dog-roses, that had grown

in inextricable entanglement, untrimmed for many a year, on the top of a perpendicular bank fully six feet in height. But the pony made little of this. With one bound, his forefeet were on the top, a moment more he had drawn his hind feet after him, and pausing only a second, till his weight could force a passage through the bushes, he dropped down safely on the further side, and galloping round outside with wild neighs, sought in vain to rejoin his comrades within the field.

After this, the ponies were admitted into the ring in pairs, or sometimes in threes. If a pair happened to match in height and colour, it might be sold together, but if not, the biddings tended occasionally to get somewhat confused.

"Gentlemen," says the auctioneer, "I am offered £3 5s. for the sucker on the outside—for the one, I should say, that has got his head over his neighbour's back. No, sir, not that one, sir; it's the one with the strawberry face I'm selling. We shall get to the bay presently, if gentlemen will only let me knock down the one we started with first." And so it went on; but in the end, what with scissors and paint, and bits of ribbon or braid or worsted tied to the animals' tails, every one seemed, sooner or later, to get his own purchase correctly.

When the Knight and the Acland studs had been disposed of, then came the turn of the little men. After one's eye had got accustomed to the dimensions of the Exmoor pony, it was little short of startling to be asked to look at an ordinary horse again. But though the size had increased, the prices remained fixed at the same level. A very respectable-looking old horse, warranted quiet to ride and drive, and reported to have been regularly hunted with the Exmoor hounds, was knocked down at the modest price of "22s. a leg." An extremely handsome, powerful cart-horse, six years old, with a pedigree of considerable local reputation, was sold for £24, and this was far the highest price we saw given at the fair. Talking over matters with the auctioneer afterwards, he declared that he had never in his experience known prices as bad—not only for cattle and sheep, but for ponies as well. A year or two back dealers had come down from London, and had run up the ponies to long prices; but now they were lower again than ever.

Leaving the fair, we climbed up through the orchards on to the hills above the village. Bampton, said the guide-book, once possessed a castle, and we fancied we saw traces of the bastions in more than one place. When we got to the top we were

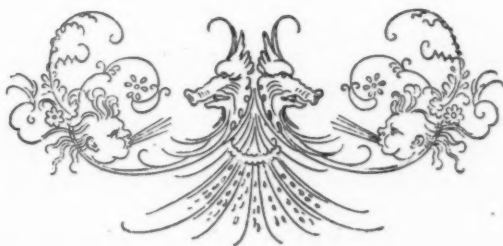
rudely undeceived. One bastion turned out to be nothing better than a sheep-fold; a second was the house in which a horse-gin had worked to haul up stone from a neighbouring quarry. A little further on a frowning gateway not only showed no sign of drawbridge or portcullis, but actually admitted us straight to an abandoned lime-kiln. But the view down through the russet leaves of the apple-orchards to the busy streets of the tiny town, and on beyond to where, at the end of the valley, the little stream of the Batham falls across the rich deep green meadows into the main current of the Exe, was worth the climb; so we did not complain.

By the time we got back, the business of the fair was nearly at an end. The men who had been going about all the morning with bundles of halters for sale, had well-nigh disposed of their stock. Only the few animals that had failed to find purchasers, and that were going back to their native hills, were still left at large. The rest had been caught and haltered, and handed over to drovers, who for the moderate charge of 2s. 6d. a head undertook to deliver them "down Bridgwater way," some thirty miles off, in the course of the following day. Their task seemed likely to be by no means a sinecure. Even with a halter on, an Exmoor pony does not always start, as an ostler would call it, "sweetly and easily." As a rule, each pony appeared to take, besides the man with the halter, one man grasping him round the neck, and a second man holding on by the tail for steerage purposes, in order to get him safely under weigh.

In the morning, nothing had been more remarkable than the unbending sternness with which the entire population devoted itself to business pure and simple. The very cheap-jack—for we saw but one—sold nothing less serious than whips and pocket-knives. But as the animals were driven off, their places were at once taken by stalls and booths. Even the frivolities, however, were of a chastened and old-world character. Here were no obtrusively puffing steam-engines, working simultaneously a merry-go-round and a barrel-organ; in their stead modest negro-heads twitched their tobacco-pipes to and fro, while the rustics snapped wild shots at them at one yard's range. The commissariat, too, was of a similar character. Good solid ginger-bread cats and lambs, plentifully gilt about the heads and backs, competed for purchasers with nothing more modern than brandy-balls and almond-candy.

But by this time the rain, which during the morning had more

than once cleared off for a short space, was coming down in a steady pour; the horse-fair that we had come to see was over, so we followed the example of the ponies, and turning our backs on Bampton, pursued our journey down the valley of the Exe to Tiverton, and onward to Exeter and Plymouth. We took away with us one resolve—that, should it ever be our lot to own a “little place” in the country, with a convenient paddock adjoining, we would return, and, buying half-a-dozen Exmoor suckers, try our hands at rearing them and breaking them in for future sale. With good blood, the hardiest of constitutions, and the best of tempers, it could hardly be but that some measure, at least, of success would be attainable.



The Roman Wall.

MOST persons have heard of the Roman Wall, or (as it is not unfrequently called) the Picts' Wall, which in olden times extended from the Tyne on the east to the Solway on the west, and constituted an effectual barrier to incursions of the more barbarous people on the north, upon the less barbarous people on the south. And any one who chooses may read almost all that is known concerning the Roman Wall in Dr. Bruce's magnificent folio, or in his smaller work which he describes as the "Wallet Book." Still further, a visit for the purpose of seeing all that can now be seen of it, is a moderately easy, and in favourable circumstances a most pleasant undertaking. Nevertheless, the number of readers and visitors is believed to be comparatively small; the consequent appreciation of the remains as by far the grandest existing testimony to the character of the Roman occupation of our island is also small; and in fact it would perhaps be not too much to say, that the Roman Wall is at once the most remarkable and the least valued monument of ancient history to be found in England.

I am sincerely conscious of not possessing all the qualifications necessary to do justice to the subject of which I am to treat in this article. Nevertheless the fact of my own lot having been cast in the neighbourhood, and the pleasure which several visits to the wall have given me, have encouraged me to set down a few notes, which may possibly have the effect of inciting some of those who read them to read beyond them, and even to test their truth by personal visit and observation.

I shall begin by attempting to describe the wall as it existed in its complete condition, say in the third century of our era.

Beginning from the east and going west, it commenced at a station called the Segedunum, now known as Wallsend,

and extended about 70 miles to Bowness on Solway. It was constructed of carefully-hewn stone ; the substance of the wall, however, being concrete, according to the Roman method of building. Its height was about 18 feet, and its breadth varied from 6 to 9 feet or more ; probably the average was about 8 feet. At intervals of a mile were placed small castles capable of holding a few soldiers ; and between each two mile-castles were several smaller towers or turrets, about a furlong from each other, capable of giving shelter to one or more sentries ; the distance being so small, that a shout from one turret could be heard at the next, and so an alarm conveyed without difficulty through the whole length of the wall, although the appliances of modern science were wanting. But the most important part of the defence was to be found in the stations, or *castra*, which were built in suitable spots throughout the whole extent. These were, in fact, small walled towns, covering seven or eight acres of ground, and containing headquarters for officers, market-places, barracks, and what not. There were nearly twenty of these between Wallsend and Bowness ; the first twelve of them were named as follows :

Segedunum,	Hunnum,	Vindolana,
Pons Ælii,	Cilurnum,	Æsica,
Condercum,	Procolitia,	Magna,
Vindobala,	Borcovicus,	Amboglanna.

As a general rule, these stations were on the line of the wall, forming, in fact, part of it ; but some of them were detached by a small interval. All were depots for soldiers, who could be employed in defending the wall when necessary. Some of the stations were larger than others, and the garrisons varied accordingly, sometimes containing a cohort, sometimes a portion of one ; the complete armament being probably above 12,000 men.

The soldiers employed in keeping the wall were not Roman legionaries, but of various nationalities,—Batavians, Gauls, Tungrians, Spaniards, Thracians, Dalmatians, and others. The officers who commanded these foreign auxiliaries were all under a commander known as the Duke of Britain, who was responsible, not for the wall only, but for the whole army quartered in our island.

The 12,000 soldiers already mentioned did not of course constitute the whole population living along the wall ; that

population would include a large number of dependents, both male and female ; in fact, it would not be rash to suppose that the combative part of the population would be far outnumbered by the non-combative ; so that, taking a general view, it may be said, that a man who made a journey from one end of the wall to the other in its palmy days, would find an abundant population through the whole length of it.

A traveller, barring any inconvenience he might meet with from rough people on the way, would have a very safe and agreeable trip. On his right he would have the high stone fortification, which would in itself seem sufficient to stop any incursion from the wilder country beyond, but which with its constant succession of castles and turrets, each with its handful of watchful guards, would be absolutely impregnable. Under his feet he would find an admirable made road, so that troops could march from one station to another without difficulty. It was left to the civilized successors of the Romans many centuries afterwards to have troops at Newcastle unable to come to the help of Carlisle, because there was no road between the two towns upon which troops could march with artillery. The Romans knew better ; and accordingly there is a military road protected by the wall, and running from one end to the other. Every three or four miles our traveller would come to a station, at some of which it may be hoped that he would be able to obtain refreshments.

But besides this, he would see something remarkable on his left hand as well as on his right. The country would not be open on that side, though there was no stone wall. Our traveller would see a well-constructed earthwork, of considerable height, and capable of defence if necessary. It does not run parallel with the wall, but appears to have been constructed upon some other principle than that which decided the line which the wall should take. Sometimes the wall and the *vallum* (for so this earthwork is named) seem well-nigh to touch each other. As a man walks along the road, he can almost throw a stone with his right hand to the wall, and with his left to the vallum ; and then the two works separate, and there is quite a large area of grass-land enclosed between them, where may be seen oxen and sheep, grazing very much to their satisfaction. Our traveller, we will suppose, is not a soldier, so he does not quite know what is the meaning of what he sees ; but he has no doubt that there is a meaning, and he feels that, what with the stone wall on one side, and the earthwork on

the other, and the military road between them, the Romans may consider that they are complete masters of the position.

Life upon the wall must have been felt to be somewhat of a banishment to a Roman officer ; but it would not be altogether intolerable. Let us fix our mind for a moment upon the life of the Tribune of the first cohort of the Tungri which occupied Borcovicus. He would find himself in a good house, well warmed by a hypocaust supplied with Newcastle coal ; he would have baths, and temples, and an amphitheatre, as if in Italy. Moreover, if he was weary of the religion of his ancestors, and was smitten by the love of Mithraic worship, he would find a Mithraic temple with its mysteries ; and not only so, but the slopes of the hill on whose side Borcovicus stands would remind him, by their terraced gardens, of the cultivation of his native land. The fine air would compensate for many things ; communication with headquarters at York would keep him pretty well acquainted with what was going on in other parts of the empire, and it is just possible that he might consider his lot as a not altogether deplorable one in the midst of that little narrow world which existed between the wall and the vallum.

So much for the wall as it was. I have told my tale without stopping to give any authorities, because it is so much more impressive without them, and because we shall have time for authorities presently ; and now I must devote a few lines to the wall as it is. As might be expected, it has formed the stone quarry of the whole country along its length for centuries. Houses, churches, fences, have been built with its admirably squared materials ; some of the best existing relics owe their preservation to the fact of their having been entirely hidden by soil and grass. Nevertheless, the remains of the wall are probably much greater than is generally realized, and some of the stations, notably those of Cilurnum, Borcovicus, and Amboglanna, exist in such a condition as to enable an antiquary to some extent to reproduce them, and at all events to ascertain from living evidence many interesting facts in their history. At Cilurnum, for example, you find the Forum as complete, or nearly so, as at Pompeii ; there is the Prætorium, with its hypocaust, still bearing the marks of the coal smoke of the fire by which it was heated ; and close by are large relics of baths, and the foundations of a bridge over the Tyne, which enthusiastic admirers have said must in its day have been comparable with the Pont du Gard. Then again at Borcovicus, which Dr. Stukeley

strikingly designates as the "Tadmor of England," you have the walls and gates of the station nearly complete, the marks of an amphitheatre, the remains of a Mithraic cave, besides indications of the terraced cultivation which I have already supposed a Roman Tribune to have enjoyed in its perfection. Moreover, careful examination has brought to light facts of history which are not obvious to a careless observer. One of the most interesting is this. The principal gateways of the station were four in number, occupying the centres of the four containing walls; the gateways were double, so that vehicles or troops could go in at one gate, while others came out at the other; but there is evidence that at a late period of the gateway's existence one opening in the outer wall and one in the inner have been closed. Why? Doubtless because a portion of the troops had been withdrawn, and sufficient soldiers could not be mustered to do all the garrison duty. Thus we have a curious record in stone of the first yielding of Roman power. Moreover, there is an incidental record of Roman ingenuity; for the openings which have been walled up are not those immediately opposite to each other; if, for example, you entered from the outside by the right-hand gate, you would find the gate immediately opposite to you closed, and would have to cross inside the gate house to the left-hand gate in order to pass into the station. It is obvious that this arrangement would make the defence of the entrance more easy, and would economize soldiers. This, and such-like curious indications of what was done in Roman times, come to us through these strange ruins on the Northumberland wilds across fifteen centuries.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that excavation has brought to light altars and sculptured stones, and coins without number. Many of these are in safe keeping in the Newcastle Museum, in the collection of Mr. Clayton of Chesters (to whom, more than to any other man, the wall is indebted for preservation and examination), at Alnwick Castle, and in other places. Many are beautifully engraved, and are more accessible and intelligible than in their original form, in Dr. Bruce's admirable work, to which reference has already been made. One of the most remarkable of recent finds was that made some years ago in a pool, which was left suddenly and unexpectedly dry by some underground workings. The bottom of the pool was a mass of coins; several bushels, I believe it is no exaggeration, were extracted: unfortunately, they were almost entirely copper,

and still more unfortunately there was not in the whole number a single coin which was not known before. The pool appears to have been sacred, and the coins were probably offerings to the goddess who presided over its stream.

It has been supposed that vegetable relics of the Roman occupation have been found in the ruins of the wall. Thus in the station of Cilurnum, the plant known to botanists as *Erinus Hispanicus*, and said to be a native of Spain, has been regarded as a legacy from the Asturian cohort, and credited with the poetical notion of having been planted by some Spanish soldier to remind him of his native land.* In another part of the wall are some very small chives, which are locally believed to be of Roman origin. I transplanted some of these not long since into garden-ground, and it is surprising to see the rapid increase in size which has been the result of their more favourable circumstances.

I must now ask the reader to accompany me to quite different ground, and must say something in answer to the very obvious question, Who built the wall?

This question, like most others of the kind, has given rise to much controversy. But I may say briefly, that the opinion favoured by Dr. Bruce is that the work may be credited to the Emperor Hadrian. He says: "The weight of evidence has of late years greatly preponderated in favour of Hadrian." He adds: "There are those who yet maintain the claims of Severus, and others who believe that the wall was not built until the Romans had renounced possession of the island." These points Dr. Bruce investigates, with a conclusion strongly in favour of Hadrian, which for the purpose of this paper will be adopted without further argument. And I may remark, by the way, that it would be difficult to attribute the wall to a worthier claimant; the man who has left the trace of his hand to the present day in his unsurpassed villa, his mausoleum which figures as the Castle of St. Angelo, and his still visible military works upon the Danube, was more capable than most men of conceiving and carrying into effect this grand barrier against barbarous invasion at the extremity of his empire.

* Dr. Bruce in answer to an inquiry has kindly written as follows:

"In my Handbook of the Wall, I say, 'These ruined walls are the favourite habitat of some wild plants of great beauty and some rarity, especially the *Corydalis lutea*, the *Erinus Hispanicus*, and the *Geranium lucidum*.' I entertain the fancy that they have been brought here by the Asturians who garrisoned the station, but I do not venture to say so."

Now Hadrian landed in Britain A.D. 119, and died A.D. 138; so that if we assign a particular date to a work which must necessarily have occupied a number of years, we may perhaps take such a date as A.D. 130 for that of the Roman Wall. The Romans left England about A.D. 400; so that we may consider the wall to have flourished, and the civilization, which I have already endeavoured to sketch, to have existed on the North-umberland wilds, for more than, or about, two centuries and a half—say from the time of Charles I. to our own, or from that of King Henry VIII. to the French Revolution. It was a curious parenthesis in the history of that part of England.

When, however, the Emperor Hadrian is credited with the authorship, it must be borne in mind that the wall as I have described it, and as we see it now in its ruins, is certainly not of one date, not one single conception, not a work carried into effect from the plans of one engineer. I have spoken of the *castra*, or stations, which form one of the most important and conspicuous features of the work; in fact without them the fortified barrier against the barbarians could not have existed; there would have been no barracks for the soldiers; they could not have held the wall without quarters in which to dwell. Now these stations have been described as being in some cases united with the wall as one work, and in others detached from it. But those which are thus united give distinct evidence, certainly in some and I think in most cases, of having existed previously, and having been worked by those by whom the wall was constructed into one fortification. In reality there seems to be no doubt that some at least of the stations were constructed by Agricola, whose residence in Britain began A.D. 78, and terminated A.D. 85; so that when Hadrian came some thirty-five years afterwards he would find the most difficult part of his task already done; the stations of Agricola here and there across the country would give him a convenient basis of operation; it would be much more easy to connect detached fortresses than to build the entire work *de novo*; and so while we assign to Hadrian the honour of being the builder of the wall, we must attribute to Agricola the still higher honour of having built the fortresses out of which the wall may be said to have been evolved.

The evidence of the pre-existence of the stations is simple and complete. The form of each station was a square, or more properly a rectangle (for the sides are not all equal), with the

corners rounded off. Now when the wall joins the station, as may be seen at Borcovicus, and the north side of the station and the wall itself become coincident, become simply one wall, you may observe that the corner of the station has the same rounded form as it would have had if the wall had not existed, as in fact the southern corners have; and it is inconceivable that the north corners would have been rounded, if it had been intended when the station was designed and built that the wall should have abutted upon the side of it: every architect, whether ancient or modern, would have made the corner between the wall and the station a right angle, which it is not. The priority of the stations is seen still more clearly at Cilurnum, where the wall strikes the station at some distance from the corner, and the arrangement is such as could never have been, if the two portions of the buildings had been constructed at the same time. The fact of some of the fortresses, as, for example, Vindolana, being altogether detached, strengthens the hypothesis of the difference of date of the stations and of the wall proper. It may be reasonably supposed that Hadrian's engineers incorporated into their master's general conception of a fortification extending from sea to sea all the fortresses which they found so situated as to be capable of being conveniently worked into the plan, leaving those, which, if taken in, would have injured their scheme, as independent auxiliary works. On the whole, therefore, the hypothesis recommended to the reader is, that Agricola commenced the work by the erection of detached fortresses, and that Hadrian completed it by connecting many of these fortresses by a continuous wall, upon which were built the mile-castles and the intermediate small towers or turrets to which reference has been already made.

The wall runs with wonderful boldness over the hills, sometimes at the edge of steep cliffs, formed by the basalt of which much of the country through which it passes is composed; these cliffs of course form a strong natural protection; it is difficult to believe that the Picts would have any chance of doing mischief, if only a reasonable amount of caution were used. But where there is no cliff, there is an artificial fosse; this seems to have been a distinct feature in the engineering plan; and no small labour, as Dr. Bruce observes, has been expended in its excavation. It has been formed indifferently through alluvial soil, and through rocks of sandstone, limestone and basalt; in some places enormous blocks of whinstone lie just as they have been lifted

out; in a flat country a portion of the material taken out is frequently thrown upon the northern margin, so as to present an additional rampart; when the wall passes upon the edge of a cliff, the fosse disappears. The size of the fosse is even now in some places considerable; in one, for example, it measures thirty-four feet across the top, and is nearly nine feet deep. In another it measures forty feet across the top, fourteen across the bottom, and is ten feet deep. On the whole it may have averaged thirty-six feet in width, and fifteen feet in depth. Evidently this would be in barbarous days a great protection to the wall.

I have spoken of an earth-work or vallum running across the country like the wall itself, but varying in distance from it, sometimes closely approximating, sometimes leaving a wide space between the two. This vallum was a work of some complication. "It consists of three ramparts and a fosse. One of these ramparts is placed close upon the southern edge of the ditch; the two others, of larger dimensions, stand one to the north and the other to the south of it, at the distance of about twenty-four feet."* What is the date, who were the engineers, and what was the purpose of this earth-work?

These questions have furnished much opening for discussion and difference of opinion among archæologists; and it cannot be said that any answer yet given, to all the questions or any of them, is so accepted as to be beyond doubt.

It has been suggested, for example, that the vallum is a more ancient work than the wall; that it is not the work of the Romans, but of the Britons before the Roman occupation, and that it has only served as a guide and a suggestion to the great Roman work. This view, however, seems to be untenable: the very description of it briefly given above, clearly indicates that it was the work not of barbarous inhabitants, but of the most competent engineers. In fact, whatever else may be doubtful, it may be regarded as certain that the vallum is a Roman work. But if Roman, was it made prior to the wall, and being found insufficient, was it superseded by the stone structure? This does not seem probable; if the vallum was regarded as antiquated, the chances are that in some places it would be found the most convenient site for the wall, and that the latter would sometimes have crossed it, just as the modern military road does cross and recross the line of the wall, or that, at any rate, when the

* Bruce's *Roman Wall*.

wall was built, the older and imperfect work would be obliterated ; but the vallum always exists at a greater or smaller distance away, and there is no indication of its having been less cared for than the wall itself. Consequently, we seem to be shut up to the conclusion that the wall and vallum together form one undivided work.

What then was its use? It has been suggested that its intention was to form an enclosure between the wall and the southern country, so that herds might pasture in safety, without danger of straying or being "lifted" by the British neighbours. Doubtless the vallum would serve this purpose; but it is scarcely probable that the Roman engineers would construct a cattle fence with "three ramparts and a fosse;" this construction means something more than safety for sheep and cattle. On the whole, the hypothesis seems most probable to which Dr. Bruce himself leans, namely, that the main purpose of the vallum was to protect the inhabitants of the Roman pale against their friends: doubtless the Britons of the south might be regarded as subdued, and as in a certain sense friends and allies; they probably found their account in bringing cattle and goods to the Roman markets under the wall, and also in procuring protection against their fiercer neighbours to the north; but they would, perhaps, not be too good to turn upon the Romans if they thought it would be to their advantage; and anyhow, I should imagine that the Romans would sleep more soundly if they felt that there were "three ramparts and a fosse" between them and their British friends and allies. Hence I feel disposed to adopt the suggestion, that while the wall and its fosse were intended as a protection from probable enemies from the north, the vallum with its fosse and ramparts were equally intended to make all snug as regarded possible enemies from the south.

In a former page I have told the reader with great confidence the names of twelve stations of the Roman Wall. I need not say that those names do not now locally exist; he will find instead of them such names as Wallsend, Newcastle, Benwell Hill, Rutchester, and so forth. By what happy accident is it that the old Roman names are known? By a very happy accident indeed. It so happens that we possess a document which tells us all that we want to know.* It is called "Notitia

* I have taken this account of the *Notitia* almost verbatim from Dr. Bruce's *Roman Wall*. There is a German edition of the *Notitia*, but no English one, which is rather sad to think upon.

Dignitatum et Administrationum, omnium tam civilium quam militarum in partibus Orientis et Occidentis." There seems to be good reason to believe that it was compiled about the year of our Lord 403. It is a register of the several military and civil officers and magistrates in both the Eastern and the Western Empires, with the names of the places at which they were stationed. It may, in fact, so far as military matters are concerned, be regarded as the army list of the Roman Empire. The thirty-eighth chapter of the work contains a list of the Prefects and Tribunes under the command of the Honourable the Duke of Britain—"sub dispositione viri spectabilis Ducis Britanniarum"—with their stations. One portion of the British section is headed, "Item per lineam Valli"—also along the line of the wall—and contains the following list :

- The Tribune of the fourth Cohort of the Lingones at Segedunum.
- The Tribune of the Cohort of the Cornovii at Pons Ælii.
- The Prefect of the first Ala of the Astures at Condercum.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Frixagi at Vindobala.
- The Prefect of the Savinian Ala at Hunnum.
- The Prefect of the second Ala of the Astures at Cilurnum.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Batavians at Procolitia.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Tungri at Borcovicus.
- The Tribune of the fourth Cohort of the Gauls at Vindolana.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Astures at Æsica.
- The Tribune of the second Cohort of the Dalmatians at Magna.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Dacians, styled "Ælia," at Amboglanna.
- The Prefect of the Ala, called "Petriana," at Petriana.
- The Prefect of a detachment of Moors, styled "Aureliani" at Aballaba.
- The Tribune of the second Cohort of the Lergi at Congavata.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Spaniards at Axelodunum.
- The Tribune of the second Cohort of the Thracians at Gabrosentum.
- The Tribune of the first marine Cohort, styled "Ælia," at Tunnocelum.
- The Tribune of the first Cohort of the Morini at Glannibanta.
- The Tribune of the third Cohort of the Nervii at Alionis.
- The "Cuneus armaturarum," that is, "horse completely armed," at Bremetenracum.
- The Prefect of the first Ala, styled "Herculea," at Olenacum.
- The Tribune of the sixth Cohort of the Nervii at Virosidum.

I have given this list at length as it stands in the *Notitia*, or rather as it is translated by Dr. Bruce, because it strikes me as one of the most singular and interesting of the smaller salvages

from the wreck of the Roman Empire which have floated to our shores upon the ocean of time. Here we have an account of the wall, as it was garrisoned when it was a living fortification, and not a ruin and an archæological curiosity. But how are the names of the stations given in the list to be identified? By the process which solves most of the antiquarian puzzles that are capable of solution, namely, by digging. Suppose we begin at Chesters, which under Mr. Clayton has been for a long time the centre of antiquarian operations. We dig there, and we come upon a stone bearing an inscription which states that it was dedicated by "the Curator of the second ala of the Astures." Looking to our list we are led to suspect that this station now known as Chesters is the Roman Cilurnum. Again we dig at the station now known as Housesteads, and we find an altar dedicated to Jupiter by the Prefect of the "first Cohort of the Tungrians;" which goes a long way towards identifying Housesteads with Borcovicus; and so on: the reader will see at once the method of identification, and will recognize its soundness. The result has been, as already stated, that at least a dozen of the stations beginning from the East, and going West, have been identified. Concerning some there is still doubt, and for several in the concluding portion of the list in the *Notitia* no place can be found upon the actual line of wall. The most probable supposition seems to be that a few other stations, such as that at Maryport, and that at Old Carlisle, may have been regarded as auxiliary to the general defence of the Border, and so in a military summary may have been grouped with the stations through which the wall actually passed. However this may be, the identification of most of the wall stations may be regarded as having been effected beyond all probability or even possibility of mistake. Perhaps as pretty a solution of an antiquarian problem as has ever been effected.

I have already noticed that the spade has brought to light an almost unlimited number of antiquities in the shape of altars, carved and incised stones, vases, bottles, coins, &c. It would take me beyond the limits which must be assigned to this paper, if I were to attempt to give an account of them. But I will just mention that the Roman Wall has contributed one deity to the Pantheon, unknown elsewhere. Several dedications mention a certain *Deus Cocidius*. No one has yet succeeded, so far as I know, in discovering or plausibly guessing who Cocidius was. Possibly some local deity, whose name was Latinized and who

was adopted by the evidently strong religious feeling of the Roman rulers.

Brief as is the treatment of a great subject contained in the foregoing pages, it is as much as I think it wise to inflict upon the reader. Brief as it is also, it may be sufficient to stir in the reader's mind some interesting and weighty thoughts. Gibbon was led by his contemplation of the relics of ancient Rome from the hill of the Capitol to project his great work; and truly the contemplation of the Roman Wall in its present condition, and the attempt to realize what it was 1500 years ago, may stir up even in an average mind many serious and solemn reflections. This truly grand and imperial work is now one among many—one of the chief, but still one among many—antiquarian curiosities of our island. The Northumbrian slopes, which were covered in the days of the Roman occupation with an active population, belong now to sheep and oxen and the curlew. Here and there an isolated farm-house is the only representative of human occupation. And during the period which has been required for this transformation, how many and how great are the other changes which have taken place! The Roman Empire itself has become a thing of the past; and an entirely new order of things has been won from the barbarism by which that Empire was overwhelmed, through the direct and indirect action of the new spiritual kingdom of Christ, substituted for the Roman power. The relics of the Roman Wall speak with touching emphasis of the ruin of the Roman Empire itself; but perhaps they also speak a word of solemn warning to the nation, which alone since the days of Old Rome has proved itself to possess a distinct faculty for governing distant lands. The lesson which they teach would seem to be this, that something better and stronger than military walls and military occupation is needed in order to ensure the stability of an Empire.

The preceding article on the Roman Wall was suggested by a recent visit paid by myself with a congenial party of friends; and I venture to supplement what I have written with a little bit of tourist talk, because I wish to convince some of my readers of the ease and comfort with which a visit to the wall may be made, and of the pleasure and interest which a visit is calculated to inspire.

The best or almost only headquarters for a three days' visit to the Wall, and less than three days will scarcely suffice, are to be

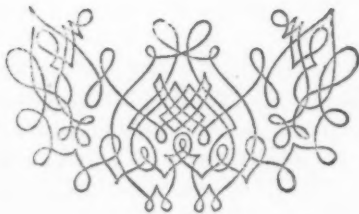
found at the Shaws Hotel, Gilsland. Gilsland is a station upon the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, and can be reached with equal ease from either of these termini. From the hotel arrangements can be easily made for visiting Birdoswald, Housesteads, and (by permission of Mr. Clayton) Chesters.

These are the three stations (Amboglanna, Borcovicus, Cilurnum) in the best preservation ; and he who has seen them and what lies between them, will have seen the wall as well as can be reasonably expected. But a good deal of walking should be done. The wall should be followed as it passes over and sometimes touches the edge of the basalt cliffs ; and in fact the pleasure on a fine bright day of doing this is so great, that it is scarcely necessary to lay stress upon the advantage of pedestrianism. Neither is it necessary to lay stress upon this other fact, that the geologist, the botanist, the zoologist, the artist, will find plenty of occupation, to say nothing of the entomologist and the ornithologist.

The visitor to the Wall should provide himself with a copy of Dr. Bruce's "Wallet Book."

I will only add that Hexham, Lanercost, and Naworth Castle are easily reached from Gilsland ; and that at Gilsland itself the visitor may see the grave of Meg Merrilies, the remains (such as they are) of Mumps Ha', and the road which Dandy Dinmont took when he commenced his perilous journey across Bewcastle Waste.

H. CARLISLE.



A Sleeping Beauty.

OF all fairy tales the one that I love best is that of the "Sleeping Beauty," and of all fairy princes I would fain have been the one who found his way through mazy thickets and crumbling castle walls, and, lucky young dog that he was, kissed the lips of the fair princess as she lay bound within in an enchanted sleep. What a glorious adventure wherewithal to end a day's hunting! We lose our way in the forest, and stumble blindly on over tripping stumps and dragging briars; closer and darker grow the tree-tops overhead, thicker grow the catching brambles and spiteful thorns, until at last we run our nose against a castle wall. What is this? Why, a postern-gate, of course. One push from a stalwart young shoulder lays it flat on the ground, and we pass on through the silent courtyard, whose stony flags give back no echoing sound to our footsteps, so deeply carpeted are they with soft, thick-growing moss. We stay not by the way, only for a minute or so, just to kick a sleeping dog from our path, or to tweak the nose of a snoring groom, or to wonder perhaps at the strange appearance of the royal coachman, whose state-wig has become a nest for the unfledged offspring of a jackdaw. On—on through the quiet halls, whose windows are filled and darkened by the trailing tendrils of pushing roses; up—up the crazy stairs and along deserted galleries, and there—there, at last, is the Princess. How beautiful she is, wrapped in the soft dreamless sleep of childhood! The white rounded arm on which the little head lies pillowed is half hidden in the tangles of her golden hair; the sweet red lips are just parted in a gentle smile to let through her gentle breath. What wonder that we hold our own as we bend over her, bending ever lower and lower, until our lips touch hers—and then! Clang—clang

goes the bell in the castle turret; the lazy grooms below stretch themselves and yawn, feeling somewhat hungry after their long fast; the cook boxes the scullion's ears, the fiddlers in the gallery start to fiddling with redoubled energy, the guests go on dancing some old-fashioned minuet, and the King and Queen brush the cobwebs from their venerable features preparatory to blessing the happy pair. Ah, happy days, when one might meet with such adventures and bring home such a bride! *Ay de mi!* They are gone and past, but would that I had lived in that time! How can I go to-day, clothed as I am in a frock coat and tall hat, in search of enchanted princesses? Why, it would be absurd; I should never even get through the forest. And supposing that I met an ogre or giant by the way, could I encounter and slay him, and cut off his head with an—umbrella? No; they are gone, those days of fairyland. I know not why their memory should torment me so to-night; perhaps it is that I have been listening all the evening to a song of the "Sleeping Beauty" and the voice of the Princess is still ringing in my ears. The music still haunts me, bringing back all kinds of childish tales and foolish dreams; awaking other and more recent memories too, of beauties mated with beasts, who, alas! were never transformed to any other shape; of Jacks that went forth to kill giants, and were themselves slain; of Cinderellas who still sit among the cinders, and Bluebeards who yet go unpunished. Of sleeping beauties also, fenced in by no enchantment, yet to all appearance lying bound in sleep, all ignorant and unconscious of the world around them. Stay not to awaken them, oh wandering prince! such sleep is easily feigned, and who shall say whether they truly sleep or not? For so it is that, though nowadays the old fairy tales may often repeat themselves, their ending is as often quite different from what it should be. And their moral? Why, their moral is nowhere.

Of all "Sleepy Hollows," I think the Vallée de las Hies is the sleepest, seeing how close it lies to the well-trodden tourist's track. To get there you have only to go to Pau—town well beloved of the Americans—and take the high road that crosses to the river Gave and lies smooth and even between two monotonous rows of poplar trees until it reaches the Ville de Gan. Leave Gan on your left hand, and follow one of the many lanes that ascend and descend the *coteaux* in the direction of

Baradat, and then, if you do not lose your way, which, as the lanes are both deep and intricate, is highly probable, you will come in good time to the valley de las Hies. For the village of Baradat is situated on the river de las Hies, which is itself but a little mountain stream, flowing at considerable length and with much unnecessary noise through a long winding valley until it reaches the river Gave and so is carried on to the Bay of Biscay. Baradat consists of a few small houses of no pretensions, with the exception perhaps of a *cabaret* that pretends to sell good wine and does not ; it has a stone bridge, crossing the stream and curtained on either side by a dense hanging mass of ivy which in flood-time sweeps the water below ; it has a population of some dozen families, and it looks up to, in every sense of the word, the Château de las Hies, that is perched on the top of the opposite hill. The château is not an imposing building. Half villa half farm-house, it stands in the midst of a wilderness of neglected gardens, and turns a wrinkled weather-beaten face towards the Pyrenees ; the last coat of stucco by which it would have concealed its age is cracked and stained by many years of inclement weather, the green wooden shutters are faded and broken, the broad paths that surround it are choked with moss and weeds, and its whole appearance is one of cheerless decay. Years and years have passed since the family de las Hies deserted it, they having married into the rich *bourgeoisie* and gone to live in their houses ; the château still remaining in the possession of the family was left to the occupation of any member of it who might care to live there, and its present inhabitant, Madame de las Hies, who some twelve years ago had come there, as she said, to die, was still fully persuaded that the house would last out her lifetime without any unnecessary repairs. And so thought Jean Loustalot, her bailiff, gardener, and general factotum, whose shortcomings formed a favourite topic of conversation in the village. "The Loustalots ! what would you have ? They were always like that. Honest ? I do not say not—but lazy ! If they lived in Paradise they would let the weeds grow and the gates be broken." Certainly Loustalot's farming did neither himself nor his mistress much credit—but then the Loustalot family was an institution almost as old as the château itself, and as long as a de las Hies could be remembered, there had always been a Loustalot also to serve him faithfully and cheat him regularly. As for the present Jean Loustalot, he would spend hours in doing nothing but wonder at his fidelity in

service, and the dreadful results that his death would bring not only on the château but on the whole community. Let the village talk, and Michel Camardou brag about his vines, surely a Loustalot knew as much about it as a Camardou did, and more too, for one did not arrive at the age of seventy without learning something; and as to the village, they *must* talk about somebody, and he had no objection to their criticism; "*faire, et laisser braire,*" was his motto. Indeed it was true that the village had but little to talk about, for a more dead-alive place than Baradat could hardly be imagined; during the time of the *vendange* it would work itself into a short-lived excitement, and then fall asleep again until the following year—so that had it not the weather to grumble about, and Jean Loustalot to abuse, it might have lost the use of its tongue altogether.

One warm sunny afternoon in the latter end of spring, Loustalot, who had been engaged in mending a fence that surrounded the woods of the château, left off work in order to admire the result. The fence was broken in at least a dozen places, but he had mended it in two, and that should suffice. "It is that cursed cow of the Marmisolles," he muttered, looking over his shoulder at the wicked animal that was peacefully cropping the grass in the meadow behind him; "there is no fence she will not break through—but she shall not pass that gap again;" and he gazed proudly at the bristling row of stakes that guarded the entrance to the cow's favourite pass. Then he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a horny hand, removed from his head his flat red wool cap, and produced from its recesses a short black pipe, a screw of tobacco and two wooden matches. Jean had earned his rest, and was going to enjoy it. The match was struck successfully, and Jean sucked and puffed vigorously to get his pipe well started, when he suddenly became aware of a sound of his fence being broken through a little lower down. It must be that cow. "Ah maudite bête!" and he wrathfully grasped a stake and ran to the spot to demand an explanation. But it was not the cow; it was a Monsieur, and apparently a foreign one, for his clothes were both beautiful and strange. Jean gazed at him in speechless astonishment.

"Can one pass through this way to the Château de las Hies?" he asked in hesitating French.

"But certainly, M'sieu, you have only to turn back and follow the path that ascends through the wood. But of what service can I be to M'sieu. I am Jean Loustalot."

"Does not a Madame de las Hies live there?"

"En effet: Madame la Comtesse lives there; it is possible then that M'sieu would wish to see Madame herself?"

It was possible.

"In that case I will have the honour of showing M'sieu the way," said Jean with alacrity, filled with a consuming curiosity to know what such a visit might portend.

Alas! an ignorant foreigner, who only answers in monosyllables and cannot understand half of what one says. By the time that they had forced their way through the unkempt undergrowth of the wood and arrived at the garden gate, Jean had given up his companion in disgust, and contented himself with pointing out the path that led to the house.

"There, M'sieu, follow through there, and you will arrive at the house; without doubt you will find Mademoiselle. I wish you good-day." Jean disappeared, muttering evil things of the stupidity of foreigners in general and Englishmen in particular, leaving his companion to find his own path through the overgrown shrubberies and untidy lawns. The latter went on his way wondering vaguely who Mademoiselle might be until at a turn of the path he came suddenly upon Mademoiselle herself, sitting snugly ensconced in the corner of a dilapidated garden-seat under the shade of a spreading lime-tree. He moved forward, raising his hat, and then paused in some embarrassment—Mademoiselle was asleep.

A young girl, dressed in a simple summer dress, plain enough but worn not without a certain *coquetterie*, was lying back comfortably resting on a pile of cushions, a big straw hat lay on the bench beside her, and on the ground, evidently fallen from her hand, a book which looked like an English novel. The visitor stood still; he was very young, not much more than twenty-one probably, and not used to such discoveries; he was a good-looking youth, slightly built, with a bright face and the cheery expression of one who was not only pleased with the world at large but more particularly with his own place in it. He scratched a curly brown head in doubtful perplexity as he took in all the details of the picture before him, and then, as his eyes wandered back to the sleeper's face, his heart leapt within him. "By Jove! what a pretty girl!" She *was* a pretty girl too. Her face had still the soft rounded outlines of a child's, but the features were good, and the dark eyelashes that lay lightly on her pale cheeks gave promise of dark eyes hidden beneath, in spite

of her fair hair and complexion. Her position, curled up on her pillows, was in itself perhaps hardly graceful ; but still there was a certain wild grace even in its careless *abandon*, and the intruder might have been excused for standing as he did, all admiring and amazed. How should he awaken her though ? He determined to retire softly from the scene, and then reappear upon it whistling loudly ; but before this notable plan could be put into execution, the sleeper had already opened her eyes, and started to her feet in some confusion at finding that she was not alone.

"I beg your pardon if I have disturbed you," he stammered in bad French. "I was on my way to the château and they directed me this way. But perhaps I am addressing *Mademoiselle de las Hies* ?"

"I am Miss Calverley !" she answered in English with a slight foreign accent. "Did you wish to see my aunt, *Madame de las Hies* ?"

"Yes. You see I came on the part of my mother, Lady Mary Blake ; she has been sent out here for her health, and I am travelling with her. She was very anxious to see *Madame de las Hies*, who happens to be an old friend of hers ; but the doctors have sent her on from Pau to Biarritz, so she could not come herself. As I remained behind at Pau she commissioned me to pay her visit ; and gave me a letter as well which I was to deliver. I should have come sooner, but, you know, you live in rather an out-of-the-way kind of place, and I could not find my way before : at any rate, I am glad to be able to fulfil my commission at last."

"It was indeed very good of you," Miss Calverley said demurely ; "especially when you found the way so long and difficult. Have you been many days finding it ?"

"Oh, I don't mean that exactly. However, whatever my trouble may have been, I am well rewarded now."

"*Déjà ?* Before you have seen my aunt ? What is more—Mr.—Mr. Blake, I am afraid you will probably not be able to see her after all, for she too is a great invalid, and of late has been quite confined to her room. But let us go on to the house, and I will at least inform her that you are here. Thank you. I will carry my book ; if you do not mind burdening yourself with all those cushions. Tell me—I hope you had not been standing there long when I woke up ; I do not generally go to sleep like that ; but the day was so warm and my book was so stupid, that I could not help it. Had you been there long ?"

"I cannot tell," he said gallantly. "I took no account of the time that passed ; it might have been five hours, and it might have been five seconds."

"Dear me ! Your ideas of time are dreadfully vague. How is that ?"

"Well," answered Mr. Blake, rather posed, "you could hardly expect me to count the minutes ! Besides, I am not a clock, even though I have two hands and a face."

"No ? Are the works then wanting ?" she replied, laughing. "Well ! never mind, I shall console myself by believing it was only five seconds. But here we are at the house. Thank you, if you would put the cushions down there. I am quite ashamed to have laden you so heavily. Will you come into the salon while I go to my aunt ? I will give her your letter at the same time. And I daresay you would like some tea after your long journey."

The salon was a big, bare room, with the greatest possible amount of windows and the smallest possible amount of carpet and furniture. What furniture there was, was both old-fashioned, faded and shabby ; the old piano suggested horrible possibilities of discord, the chairs were ranged round the wall as if to prevent them from being sat upon, and the only table leant sadly to one side, though it was by no means overweighted by books and ornaments. It was evidently a room that no one lived in, and its bareness was rather that of disuse than of poverty. So dreadfully did the scrap of carpet in the centre blink at the searching sun, that Mr. Blake felt constrained to lower the blinds, and save himself from a corresponding depression in spirits ; he then selected the chair that seemed to have the strongest back, and settled himself to ponder over his adventure and wonder who his new acquaintance might be. She was a very pretty girl at any rate ; in all his life—not a very long one, perhaps—he had never seen a prettier. How charmingly she spoke English too, with that little soft accent ! He had been awfully bored when his mother had insisted on his paying this visit ; but now he was rather glad he had come. If he had only known that Madame de las Hies had such a niece, he would have come before ; now that he was here, he would improve the occasion. He had not long to wait, for his meditations were soon interrupted by the entrance of Miss Calverley herself, preceded by an ancient and hard-featured old woman bearing a tea-tray.

"You see, Mr. Blake, we have borrowed your English fashion of afternoon tea. I hope you are not too proud to join me, and will do justice to our bread and butter; we are very proud of our butter here. I am sorry to tell you that my aunt cannot possibly receive you. You see that for the last few days she has not been able to leave her room. But she bids me tell you, that she is very pleased to hear from Lady Mary, who was once a very dear friend of hers; that she hopes you are like your mother. Are you like your mother? No? That is a pity, for she says very pretty things of your mother. What else was I to tell you? She hopes that you will be able to come and see her at some other time, when she is better, and that you will give your mother many kind messages from her. Oh! and she told me that I was to ask you whether you were Terence or John."

"I am John. Terence was my elder brother—he died a long time ago, when he was still quite a small boy."

"Oh, I am sorry," she murmured.

"Yes, I am the only one—John—commonly called Jack. But one answer deserves another, you know, Miss Calverley."

"Does that mean, what is my name? Well, I will gladly tell you. I am Marguerite Calverley—commonly called Margot; at least, so my aunt always calls me."

"Your aunt is a person much to be envied."

"Do you think so? She is rather over seventy and suffers from acute rheumatism. But every one to his taste!"

"At least she has the privilege of calling you Margot."

"I doubt whether she finds that any consolation," remarked Margot drily. "Do you take sugar, Mr. Blake? My aunt told me that I was to give you tea, and behave very nicely to you. Your tea I am now giving to you, and then I shall be quite ready to behave nicely when you have told me how to begin."

Jack burst into a boyish laugh, in which Margot joined him, and in a few minutes the two were chatting amicably like old friends. On comparing notes, they discovered that they were both only children, but that while Jack had lost his father, Margot had lost both her parents when she was still too young to remember them. They had, moreover, many tastes in common: they both liked horses and loved riding; they both preferred to be out-of-doors to being in; they neither of them cared much for reading, and had the same opinion as to what books were stupid and what were awfully amusing; they both liked mountain scenery, strawberries, sea-bathing, Shakespeare, and

dancing. In fact, Jack was fast drifting into that pitiable condition when, if his companion had admitted a preference for salamanders roasted, he would have sworn that roasted salamanders were to him a passion. Then Margot deigned to ask him where he lived and what he did; and Jack was proud to describe to her the glories of Castle Blake in Galway, and the feats and achievements of his boyhood and youth, laying almost unconsciously a gentle stress on such points as might serve to raise him in her estimation, such as the wickedness of himself as a small boy, and his idleness and wild folly as a young man; giving himself, as young men will, a very much worse character than he really deserved. It was unfortunate, as Margot, with the ripe wisdom of eighteen, immediately declared that idleness in young men was altogether disgraceful, and, worse than wicked, it was stupid. Why had he not entered the army? she thought every young man ought to be a soldier; and then poor Jack had to explain that he was not clever enough for so learned a profession, and was made to feel that his confessions had rather damaged than served him. Then they strolled round the gardens, visiting Margot's favourite corner where her roses grew; into the stables, where she showed with no little pride her two ponies, giving to each his piece of sugar, and fondling their soft noses with such soft caresses that Jack grew wild with jealousy; through the ruined barns and tumbledown sheds, from whose roofs the pigeons came fluttering down at her call, even settling on her slender shoulders; across the dirty farmyard, where she picked her dainty way, stepping softly and lightly from stone to stone, while Jack followed as if in a dream. Ah Circe! sorceress! it needed but a touch of her hand to send him among the pigs that skirmished around them—for the enchantment was complete and the spell was upon him. His head was in a whirl; his eyes saw nothing but the slight figure that flitted on before him; his ears heard no sound but that of her laughing words, and his tongue was silent, for his heart had grown too full for speech. Suddenly he remembered that it was growing late and he had still to return to Pau. Margot graciously offered to show him the shortest way to Baradat, where he had left his horse, and they walked down the hill together towards the village.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Blake!" she said, as they came in sight of the small inn. "I suppose I must not say *au revoir*! as you will hardly care to undertake such an expedition again."

"Who knows?" said Jack, with hypocritical indifference.

"You see I have pledged myself to see your aunt in person, so I must make an attempt to come, at any rate, though I don't quite know how I shall manage it." As Jack had been thinking of nothing else for the last half-hour, his reply did as little credit to his wits as to his manners; but then he had thoroughly mastered that valuable maxim, "Be not—or at least appear not over-eager;" and he preferred being rather rude to showing the wild joy with which the mere thought of another visit filled him. After all, such anxiety to conceal one's feelings is not discreditable: it is the same instinct that prevents a schoolboy from crying out when he is flogged, the consciousness of being wounded and the praiseworthy desire to conceal the wound and suffer in silence. Margot smiled gently.

"Well, if you can come, you may assure yourself that we shall be very glad to see you. But I am afraid that it will be yet some days before my aunt will be visible. *Au revoir*, then!"

Jack mounted his horse and started on his homeward journey. As he rode along he went over to himself all the events of the afternoon, painfully considering the part he personally had played; thinking of all the things which he wished he had said, and those too which he now wished he had not. On the whole, however, he was fairly satisfied with himself, and thought he had made a good impression. Would he go there again? Of course he would. To-day was Tuesday: he wondered whether Saturday would be too soon—or perhaps it would be better to wait a whole week. How pretty she had looked with those pigeons hovering round her! She knew something of horses too, and his Irishman's heart warmed to her at the recollection of it. How charming her little foreign accent was when she talked! He wondered how old she was; when he recalled the look of those wide-opened eyes that she turned to him with the frank curiosity of a child, he thought she must be very young—a great deal younger than he was. Of course he was not in love with her, that would be too ridiculous; but still—well, he would like to see her again, just to find out more about her; and besides, her life must be a very dull one in that dreary house, and it would be a mere matter of kindness, almost a duty, to pay her another visit.

In the meantime Margot was sitting perched high on the foot of her aunt's bed, lazily rocking herself to and fro and contemplating the ceiling.

"Do not balance yourself like that, my child," cried out the

old lady in French. "It is a deplorable habit, and grates on my nerves. Tell me then what you have been doing to-day, and what you think of our Englishman."

"*Mais c'est un garçon charmant* ; figure to yourself, *ma tante*, that he is really the first young Englishman I have ever talked with. He is very young, and not a little in love with himself, *cela se voit* ; but he is very amiable, and amusing enough. I hope he will come again."

"I hope he will also, for I loved his mother well, and should be glad to see him. But take care, *ma fillette*, that you do not turn his head."

"An Englishman !" said Margot scornfully. "How could one turn his head ? Besides, *voyez vous*, I look on an Englishman as more than a compatriot ; I have seen so few, that I look on him almost as a brother."

II.

Pau during the month of April is not a lively place ; the sun grows daily in power and makes itself daily more disagreeable ; the wind blows, the dust flies, and the visitors take to themselves wings and flee away to cooler habitations. Already English and Americans were flitting northwards, some to London, others to Paris ; only those remained who were invalids, or residents of the place, or greedy people who liked to have the hotels to themselves and enjoy plenty of elbow-room. Jack Blake found himself deserted by his friends, and knew not how he should pass the time alone. He had written to his mother that he had been delayed at Pau for a variety of very good reasons, and he had vowed to himself that he would not leave Pau without another visit to de las Hies, but, through some curious reasoning of his own, he had judged it inexpedient to make that visit before a week had elapsed. The question remained, how to pass the time in the interval ? The hunting season was over—it had not been very good while it lasted, but still it was something, even for a young man from Galway. He wandered disconsolately among his former haunts and found them deserted and dull ; he listened to the band that played in the Place Henri IV., but his spirit was too disturbed to be soothed by music ; he gazed from the terrace towards the Pyrenees, if by chance he could distinguish the château in the distance, until his eyes ached ; and all the time he told himself

that it was a horrible bore having to go there again, and that, if he had not *almost* promised that he would return, he would have been delighted to turn his back upon Pau and de las Hies for ever. What possible interest could the château or its inhabitants have for him? Of course they had none; and naturally it was for this reason that he immediately set about finding a man who could tell him more about them. He wandered off to the English club in search of a certain Dr. Limpet, reputed to be the oldest resident and greatest bore in all Pau, an old man whom Jack had hitherto avoided as he would have done the plague. The object of his search was not far to seek; a well-groomed old gentleman with a bald head and a preternatural show of false white teeth, decorated with an order in his button-hole, a perpetual smile, and the neatest little polished boots imaginable. He was amazingly glad to see Jack.

"My dear boy!"—Jack particularly disliked being called a boy. "My dear boy! so you have not forsaken us yet. And how is your dear mother, Lady Mary? I trust she is better and is pleased with Biarritz. I wrote myself to secure her rooms at the hotel. They know me well there and would take any trouble for a friend of mine. I must really run down myself and see how she is getting on. But how is it that you are not with her? You prefer to stay with us? Come, that is very good of you; and let me tell you, we are very glad to have you; yes, we are very glad to have you. You must really come and dine with me to-night. Another engagement? Well, some other night then. But as you are not going anywhere just at present, let us take a little stroll together, it is already much cooler."

Jack submitted with a good grace to being hooked on to, and slowly paraded up and down the terrace while he endeavoured by dexterous questioning to bring the conversation to bear upon his *idée fixe*.

"Do I know anything of the Château de las Hies? Let me see. The present Comte de las Hies lives in Paris chiefly; his son, the Vicomte, is in the army; rather a hero in his way, I believe—distinguished himself greatly in China. No, his mother is dead; it is his grandmother who lives at the château. She was an Irishwoman—very handsome old lady; she retired there from the world some ten years ago, 'pour faire son salut;' she has been a long time about it, for they tell me she is still living, though she must be considerably over seventy by this time. Who are the Calverleys? Well, her niece Marguérite de las

Hies married a Major Calverley ; sad thing, they are both dead now. They left a daughter, and I daresay she is the Miss Calverley of whom you say you have heard. Major Calverley? well really I don't remember now who he was. I could find out for you if you want to know particularly, or perhaps my wife could tell you ; you must ask her when you come to dine with us. By the way, have you heard the last story of that American, Colonel Fixings? Ah ! I must tell you that ;" and the old man, delighted to have a listener, poured forth a stream of anecdotes of past and present visitors, by which it appeared that a large number of the nobility annually resided at Pau in order to enjoy the pleasure of an acquaintance with Dr. Limpet.

At last Jack shook himself free from his tormentor, not very much wiser than he was before. He dined in solitude at the hotel table d'hôte, which had dwindled sadly in numbers during the last week, and then betook himself on to the terrace to smoke a cigar and contemplate the Pyrenees by moonlight. To-day was only Thursday. What on earth could he do with himself for the next five days? He might run down to Biarritz, but his mother, who spoiled him, had still an awkward habit of asking questions, and those questions might be embarrassing. Or he might make an expedition into the mountains and do some sketching, (he had some talent for drawing and had made some sketches in which his mother had discovered extraordinary genius)—that would pass the time, at any rate. A brilliant idea came to him. Baradat was a very picturesque place, why not sketch at Baradat? It was a beast of an inn, but still just for a day or two he could put up there, and put up with its shortcomings, while he sketched the bridge, or the church, if there was one, or the château itself, for the matter of that. Jack went to bed radiant ; he had discovered the pretext for which he had been really cudgelling his brains for the last five days, and at last was happy.

The next day Miss Calverley, riding home, followed by a diminutive Loustalot perched on the other pony and struggling with a big basket, came upon her English friend again. He was sitting on the parapet of the ivy-covered bridge, a portfolio under his arm, deep in contemplation of the stream below and apparently quite unconscious of his surroundings.

"Mr. Blake? mais c'est bien lui! Why what are you doing here? Have you been at the château? I am so sorry I was not at home."

Jack, who had seen her coming at least a mile off, and who had been turning alternately hot and cold for the last ten minutes, moved with a fine affectation of surprise to the pony's side. The warm grasp of her little hand and the eager welcome of the dark eyes almost disarmed him, but he remained faithful to his maxim.

"Miss Calverley? I did not expect to see you here."

"You did not expect to see me? Why, I hope you did not expect *not* to see me. Surely you never intended to come to Baradat without paying us a visit. That would be too much."

"Well, the fact is that I came here to make a sketch of this bridge. It struck me the other day as being rather picturesque, don't you think so?"

"Oh! are you an artist? You never told me that. I am so glad to hear it, and I am so fond of the old bridge; do let me see your sketch."

"I have not begun it yet," said Jack in some confusion; "I am afraid it will take me some time to do it properly, so I have taken a room at the inn and shall stay here a day or two until I have finished it." He anxiously scanned the girl's face to see how she would take the announcement.

"Vraiment! But that will be charming; I am afraid you will not be very comfortable though. I wish we could have offered you hospitality at the château," she added regretfully, "but you see it is impossible just now. However, you must let us know of anything we can do for you, and you will come and see us as often as you can spare the time, won't you?"

Jack felt unutterable things as he murmured his thanks, and stammered some words about his unwillingness to intrude.

"Well, I must go on, as my pony will stand no longer. I have been taking some things to an old nurse of mine who lives at Pédibou, over the hills there. I cannot ask you to dinner because we don't dine, and indeed I doubt whether our cook is any better than Mme. Bourret of the inn; but to any other meal you will be welcome. A demain, n'est ce pas?" and with a friendly wave of her hand she disappeared up the steep hill that led to the château, leaving Jack to hug himself in ecstasy at the success of his stratagem.

What could be more simple or more natural! He had now an excellent excuse for remaining in the neighbourhood at least three days; he would sketch in the mornings just to show that he was really there on business, and the afternoons—why, the

afternoons it would be only polite to spend at the château, especially as she seemed so anxious to see him. Three days—yes, that bridge was really a difficult subject and would require all that.

The bridge *was* a very difficult subject, and did require all that, and more also. Three, four, five days passed, and the sketch was still far from completion. The inn was horribly uncomfortable, his room was a wretched one, and Mme. Bourret's cookery was poisonous. But what did that matter: after all, Jack was not living in the inn, he was living in a "Fool's Paradise," and of all lovely and desirable countries to live in the Fool's Paradise stands first. Where in the world is the sky more cloudless? where are the trees more shady and the meadows more green? where do the birds sing more gaily? what food is sweeter than its honeydew, what drink is more intoxicating with delight than the milk of Paradise? But what need is there to describe it? Who of us but has not been there at some time or other, and does not still cherish fond memories of its delights? I don't know how one gets there; whether it be by water, in which case, I imagine, one could embark for it in the "ship of fools," or by land, or by crossing a bridge, as Jack did every day. I don't know exactly where it lies; when once one has left it, it is impossible to find the way back there again. If you search for it, perchance you may see it once more before you in the distance, but it vanishes on your approach like the mirage in the desert. At any rate, it is a country that exists somewhere, perhaps everywhere, or perhaps nowhere but in the land of dreams. It matters but little, the great thing is when once it is found, to remain in it as long as possible. Jack had been there for five days, and had no intention of quitting it. Five days spent in constant attendance on the object of his devotion, in working in Margot's rose garden, in long rambles through the woods, in feeding her pets and visiting her pensioners, in short, in following her like a shadow all the afternoon—not the morning—in the mornings Jack sketched. At least a dozen sketches of that luckless bridge had been begun and torn to pieces; it is impossible to draw a bridge with a human figure constantly before your eyes. Why Jack persisted in that morning penance he would have found it difficult to explain; it seemed to him that he still needed some warrant for his afternoon's amusement, and he found it in his morning's work. As for Margot, it never occurred to her to enquire whether

she needed a warrant for hers or not. Jack was a charming companion in such a solitude; he was well known to her aunt, or, at least, his mother was; he was only a boy, and, *au reste*, he was an Englishman, and one can do with an Englishman what it would be impossible to do with a Frenchman. Madame de las Hies would have explained that Margot had not been brought up as other girls are; that she had been educated in the English fashion, which meant perfect freedom to go her own way and liberty to do as she liked, and if that explanation had not been understood, she would have shrugged her old shoulders and gone back to her cough-mixtures and books of devotion, which fully occupied her time. Why should she trouble herself about the young people? she would be very glad to see Mr. Blake when she was better, and until then she was equally glad to leave him and her niece to their own devices.

In truth some of their devices were curious, for Jack himself was a very limb of mischief, and in Margot, a girl who had been educated in a convent, he speedily discovered a kindred spirit. Between them they dug up all the rose-trees in the garden and transplanted them to Margot's favourite corner. Margot tore her dress, Jack blistered his hands, and ruin and havoc were spread through the flower-beds; but it was a blissful day, and they were serenely content with the result. Jean Loustalot groaned when he viewed the scene of devastation and declared it to be heart-breaking. Another time Jack harnessed the two ponies to Loustalot's little cart, and they drove tandem for half a mile and upset in a ditch, to the further detriment of Margot's frock and the utter destruction of the vehicle. Jean's heart was again broken; but no one could have been better pleased than were Jack and Margot. Never had Jack so enjoyed himself or found so congenial a companion; his little affectation of reserve had disappeared directly before her frank simplicity and infectious gaiety, and the two amused themselves like children that had spent their lives together. By all the other members of the household he had been accepted as an old friend, with the exception of la mère Marmisolle, an old woman of fabulous age, and Hector the watch-dog. La mère Marmisolle peered at him, shading her blinking eyes with a shaking old hand.

"C'est M. Edouard?" she quavered out, in eager welcome.

"Mais non, ma mère," cried Margot hastily, with reddening cheeks. "Monsieur is an Englishman, and has come all the way from England to see you."

But the aged mother of the Marmisolles took no interest in Englishmen and resumed her interminable knitting without vouchsafing him another word. As for Hector, he had never been known to make friends with any one; he was a dog who for reasons of his own took a sad view of life, who never wagged his tail and looked upon a caressing pat as an insult.

And so the days sped by in an ever-growing and ever more delightful intimacy, nor were there wanting those little disputes and quarrels, without which such an intimacy would be nothing. Margot professed a most inordinate love and admiration for the army, declaring that all soldiers were heroes and that the very sound of a distant bugle thrilled her soul with delight—a declaration which always provoked Jack into retorting that French soldiers were never more than five feet high, and wore red trousers, two facts which ought to make them contemptible in anybody's eyes. As for Jack, he was really tiresome with his calm assumption of English superiority; according to him Englishmen were the only race worthy to be called men at all, and then he would adduce facts to prove that the best kind of Englishman was an Irishman, a conclusion which Margot never failed to greet with a merry peal of laughter. Indeed Margot laughed at everything, she was never serious for more than five minutes; she would laugh at Jack's arguments, she would laugh at her own enthusiasm, and at every attempt at a pretty speech she would laugh so unmercifully that Jack soon ceased from trying to make them.

And then there came a day upon which something had happened; something of which Margot was quite unaware, but of which Jack was only too conscious, and the knowledge of it changed for him the whole aspect of his surroundings.

That morning Margot had come out into the garden from her early breakfast, looking even more gay and *débonnaire* than usual; she had a letter in her hands, which she had already read and re-read at least a dozen times, and she called loudly for Hector in order that she might impart to him the good news. Hector came reluctantly, for he knew why he was wanted; first he would be seized by the paws and made to valse, a degrading exercise for a dog of his melancholy; and then he would be required to run races up and down the terrace, an amusement in which he took no joy, for he was too honest a dog to pretend to a gaiety which his blighted affections were far from feeling. But it was a rule that the wilder Margot's spirits were, the more

Hector had to suffer, and that morning his sufferings were prolonged and terrible. Tiring at length of her four-footed playfellow Margot bethought herself of her two-legged one, and decided it was high time that she should surprise Mr. Blake at his morning's work and see for herself how the famous picture was progressing. Whereupon she set off gaily swinging a basket and singing a song, in which a "militaire" was made to rhyme with and return from the "guerre" to a chorus of rata-plan-plan-plan. She had not gone far when she met Mr. Blake himself, leisurely ascending the hill; he too had been smitten with restlessness and had for once given up his morning task.

"Mr. Blake! why are you not at work?"

"I can't paint to-day; the light is too bad."

"Why? What is the matter with the light?"

"Too much sun," said Jack untruthfully. "You see I had some shadows on the bridge, and the sun has come out strong and taken them all away; no—I mean the other way about. I had no shadows in my picture and the sun has brought them out. Well, at any rate the light is bad," said Jack, feeling he was getting confused, "and I should probably spoil the whole thing if I went on with it."

"That would be a great pity. Well then, as you cannot paint, you will make yourself useful, won't you? First of all I am going to get some ferns. I want quantities, for I am going to make what you call a 'fernery.' Then I am going to punish Jean Loustalot for hiding away our spades. I told him he should pay me for that: I am going to steal all his tools while he is at dinner, and hide them in the big holly tree. *You* will have to climb it, you know, to hang them up there."

"But what will he do without them?"

"Nothing. He does nothing when he has them; it will be quite equal to him whether he has them or not. But come, shall we go for the ferns? You will not mind getting very wet and dirty. I have brought a basket for them."

As Margot had said, the work *was* very wet and dirty, especially as she made a point of exploring the most inaccessible places in search of her booty. Never had she been more wild and wilful, and Jack plodded after her filled with wondering admiration for a girl who cared so little for her clothes. As they followed down the stream, they came to a place where an old disused bridge crossed the river high above their heads. They climbed up the steep bank to look at it. There was still

an iron railing on one side of it, but the wooden rafters of the bridge itself were evidently as rotten and unsafe as they could be; it hung at a very considerable height above the black water below, and was not an inviting place to cross.

"I wonder if I could get over it," said Margot; and in another moment she had darted across, stepping sideways from one rafter to the other as she held on to the iron railing with both hands. She was about midway, when two of the rafters gave way, falling with a dismal crash into the stony bed of the shallow stream. Happily the railing held firm; but for a second she hung simply by her hands, then with a desperate effort she managed to swing herself back to the rafter behind her, and before Jack could rush to her assistance she had already scrambled back in safety to the road.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" she cried faintly, looking with terrified eyes at the depth beneath her, and shuddering at the thought of what might have been. For a short time she was thoroughly sobered; then she turned, with a rather unsteady laugh to look at her companion. His face was deadly pale, and he panted for breath as if he had been running.

"Why! how frightened you look! I am not hurt. What would you have done if I had really broken my neck?"

"I should have killed myself!" cried Jack hoarsely, with a sudden, uncontrollable gust of passion.

For a minute Margot did not answer; then she shrugged her shoulders. "I do not see how that would have helped us," she said coldly. "On the contrary, it would have been highly inconvenient." Adding in a petulant voice, "I have no love for heroics."

"No; you only love heroes in red trousers," muttered Jack bitterly.

After that there was a long silence between them. Jack picked up the basket, and they both turned homewards, walking side by side along the road without speaking to each other. Margot was really offended; but Jack was quite reckless whether he had offended her or not. He was still pursued by the horror of that moment, when he had seen her hanging between life and a ghastly death; and he was yet further agitated by a discovery which was forcing itself upon him at every step. He tried hard to put on an unconcerned gait and demeanour and resume their conversation with some light apology for his words; but although his tongue might moisten

his lips, it refused him all further office, and he remained speechless. He managed to light a cigar with hands that still shook, in spite of his efforts to keep them steady, and hoped by smoking to escape his companion's observation and regain his composure. But Margot could never remain angry nor keep a dignified silence for very long. She stole a glance at the other's face, and then presently broke into a soft ripple of laughter.

"Why don't you talk, Mr. Blake? How droll you are! One would think that you wished to *bouder* me for having frightened you. After all it was I who had most reason to be frightened." Margot shuddered again as the sickening memory of her peril came back to her. Then she continued lightly, "Do you know you were very rude to me just now? or at least you intended to be very rude; but I will be magnanimous and forgive you. Well, you must not speak to me like that again; some day perhaps I will tell you why it is I like soldiers. Look—see how I have punished myself; I have cut my hands with that horrid railing."

Margot held up for his inspection two little hands that were still grimy with grubbing up fern-roots; both the soft little palms were bruised and one of them was bleeding from their rude contact with the rusty iron. Jack gazed at them hungrily; he dared not touch them for fear of yielding to a wild temptation to snatch them up to his lips.

"I hope they don't hurt you very much," he said, with feeble politeness.

"Thank you! but they do hurt me very much," retorted Margot, mimicking his tone. "As I cannot do it with one hand, I shall ask you to tie my handkerchief round the one that is bleeding. Yes, that is the way; a little tighter still, you need not be afraid of hurting me. Thanks! I will do as much for you the next time you wound yourself. Please do not tell my aunt of our adventure, I should have such a scolding; you will see my aunt to-morrow, you know."

Jack did know. Then Margot went on to give absurd accounts of former escapades and the terrible consequences they had brought on her; to which Jack listened silently until they reached the château, and then he left her, making a pretext of his picture as a reason for his desertion. He wished to be alone and have some time for consideration.

Something had happened, Jack felt, that had changed the whole world for him. He had fallen in love; furiously,

desperately, irrevocably in love. The fever must have been on him for some time, but it was only an hour ago that he had really recognized the symptoms, and already it was at its height and raging beyond a cure. The idea filled him with a delightful melancholy ; it was sad that he should be so sick, but now that he was assured of the existence of the malady, he took a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the enormous extent of its ravages. He was like a boy who had caught the measles : in itself the complaint is an unpleasant one, but there is a certain triumph in the thought that one is capable of catching them, and greater satisfaction in knowing that one has got them worse than any other boy. Jack mentally felt his pulse and knew that no one ever had been or ever could be so dangerously in love as he was. His sufferings were very enjoyable and he made the most of their delicious pain. He tried to conjure up before his eyes the face of the siren that had enslaved him ; but in that he was only partially successful. He could remember her hair ; it had a way of getting loose and blowing about her face in little curling tendrils. Her eyes ? he could not remember whether they were grey or blue—at any rate they were beautiful eyes, but it was provoking that her portrait at once became indistinct now that he attempted to recall it. He could remember nothing exactly except a dimple ; when she smiled or laughed there was a little dimple in her left cheek, and as Margot was generally doing one or the other, the dimple was generally there. It was probably very much the same as any other dimple, but the recollection of it made Jack particularly happy. Then he rehearsed the little scene that should take place the next day ; it would not be so easy to approach Margot with a tale of love. Love, we know, is the most serious of all passions, and Margot was the least serious of people ; it has been said to be all made of sighs and tears, now Margot was all made of jests and laughter. It would be horrible to have one's proposal treated as a pleasant joke, and that was just what Margot was capable of doing. Jack determined he would leave the morrow to arrange itself, and proceeded to enjoy the present by building the most beautiful castles in the air, in all of which Margot appeared as *châtelaine*. They would live in Ireland, and he pictured with delight the sensation that Mrs. Blake would make at home. But how about his mother ? Jack was his own master, but it was hardly fair that his mother should not be consulted as to her future

daughter-in-law. Margot more than fulfilled his own ideas of what his wife should be; his ideal was a jolly girl, with no nonsense about her, and pretty. Margot was a jolly girl, and a great deal more besides. Lady Mary's ideal daughter-in-law was a well-brought-up young lady who might or might not be pretty, but who would have very proper ideas of propriety, such a girl as the world would describe as very lady-like. After all, it was his mother's doing that he had ever met Margot, and she had only to see her to fall in love with her as Jack had.

Of one thing he never doubted: that Margot would be rejoiced to accept him as a husband. It was hardly his fault; from the days of his short frocks he had been systematically spoilt and had never yet been refused anything that he had set his heart on. He was rich, good-looking, of a good family, had a good temper, and was of the same religion. What more suitable match could Madame de las Hies wish for? Moreover it was impossible that a love, so overpowering as his was, should not meet with love in return.

Late that night Jack was still hugging his chain. From below the bridge of Baradat you get a very good view of the château: and there was Jack, sitting on the gate of one of the meadows that lay each side of the stream, gazing, now at the rippling water that gleamed like silver in the moonlight, and then at the darkened windows of the distant château, if by chance he might see the light of Margot's room. The valley was very still and quiet, and Jack felt very happy and subdued; the night dews were falling heavily; not a sound could be heard save the unceasing chorus of the frogs who sang and rejoiced in the cool freshness of the night. Jack sat and listened to them, and rejoiced also; what a good thing it is to be in love, and young, and have no fear of rheumatism! He listened, and lo! the old frog that led the chorus sang out "Mar-got!" loud and clear. "Mar-got!" repeated all the other frogs, "got-got-Mar-got-got-got-got!" It was rather noisy, but a beautiful chorus for all that.

Up at the château at one of the opened windows there was some one sitting, resting a soft round chin upon bare arms that leant on the window-sill, and looking with dreamy eyes towards the far distant Pyrenees, far over the head of Jack in the valley below. Margot—but a very different one from the Margot of the morning. The fair face, shadowed round by the clouds of her loosened hair, seemed fairer and paler still in the moonlight;

the wide honest eyes were half veiled by their dark lashes and full of the mystery of unconscious yearning ; gone was the smile that played round the tender mouth, gone too the mutinous curves and laughing dimples of the soft cheeks ; the wild gaiety of the day had given place to the gentle melancholy of night. To her also there came the song of the frogs below, but so softened and subdued by reason of the distance, that even the words seemed changed.

"Edouard !" sang the old frog faintly ; "E-dou-ard-douard-douard !" followed the distant chorus. It might have been only the reflection of the moonlight, but a slow tender smile seemed to flicker over the wistful face as she listened to the burden of the song ; "E-dou-ard !" echoed the faint chorus again and again. But who shall say what are the words that the frogs do sing ?

The next morning saw Jack on his way to the château. He had already arranged a plan by which he might bring Margot into a proper frame of mind for listening to his tale. He would announce his immediate departure, and judge from the way in which she received the news whether it would be prudent to continue or not. He felt a little nervous and ill-assured ; he had passed a sleepless night, a thing which he had never done before, and he was oppressed by a doubt which became every moment more intolerable. The time that he had to wait for Margot in the salon seemed dreadfully long, but at last she appeared with the same bright smile and genial welcome with which she always greeted him. Jack hardened his heart.

"How do you do, Mr. Blake ?" she cried gaily. "I am so glad you have come ; now you can help me plant our ferns. But you must wait to see my aunt first ; she is coming down soon."

"I shall be glad to see Madame de las Hies, but I am afraid I cannot help you with the ferns," Jack replied with a careless drawl. "The fact is that I have come to say good-bye for good ; I am leaving immediately for England."

"Are you ?" said Margot, and then turned away biting her lips. What did this self-sufficient, conceited young man mean by such behaviour ? she was really hurt and angry. To announce his departure in that tone of voice, and take himself off without even a word of regret, it was really disgusting, just when she wanted him too. She would have given anything to be able to return some flippant answer, but she was too angry, and the words stuck in her throat ; she could only remain silent

with averted face. But not for long ; in another minute the impetuous Jack had seized her hands and was pouring forth a stream of passionate exclamations, protestations and entreaties, and before she had recovered from her stupor and freed herself from her suppliant, he had actually—kissed her.

"How dare you?" she began furiously ; and then suddenly stopped. Jack followed the direction of her eyes, and turning round became aware of the presence of an old lady, standing in the middle of the room and leaning on a stick. He looked back at Margot, but she had already disappeared ; he turned again to the old lady, and stood stupidly staring at her.

"You were kissing my niece," she said. Jack still stared at her.

"I say you were kissing my niece!" she cried sharply ; "will you have the kindness to explain yourself, Mr. Blake? for I suppose you are Mr. Blake?"

"Yes, I was. I mean—that—I am," stammered Jack.

"And why did you do it?" shouted the old lady.

"I was asking Miss Calverley to be my wife," said Jack, plucking up his spirit.

"What? Have you taken leave of your senses, that you should ask such a thing?"

"I don't see why it should be so senseless," he replied submissively. "I hope you have no very strong objection."

"No objection? but this is too much! the boy must be mad! surely then you cannot be aware that Miss Calverley is already fiancée, that she is going to marry her cousin Edward, the Vicomte de las Hies? Or perhaps you call that no objection?"

Margot engaged to her cousin? Jack caught hold of the back of a chair, to steady himself as he gazed at this hateful old woman.

"It is not true, I don't believe it," he gasped out.

"Really, Monsieur, you are hardly polite," answered the old lady more quietly, "though I am relieved to find that you did not know this. Must I then call in my niece, to confirm my words? but before I do so, may I ask what encouragement you have received that you persist in this extraordinary demand?"

Encouragement? Margot had seemed to grieve at the news of his departure, but beyond that—well, if she did love him, Jack was bound to confess that she had dissembled her love extremely well. She had encouraged his friendship, and treated him *en bon camarade* ; but as for any other encouragement—

Jack began to think he had made a fool of himself. The Vicomte de las Hies? Why! that was the soldier who had distinguished himself in China. Jack was *sure* that he had made a fool of himself. He began searching mechanically for his hat and gloves.

"Stay, mon ami," said the old lady, laying a gentle hand on Jack's arm, "we must not part like this. I see there has been a misunderstanding. Your mother was very dear to me once, and I fear that we have treated her son rather badly without intending it. You must forgive us—will you not? and let us forget what has happened. You would like to say good-bye to Margot too, is it not so?"

Jack dared not refuse. How the next five minutes passed he knew not. He had a confused notion of an old woman that went on talking—talking; of a door opening; of Margot's face flushing crimson as she took his hand; of the laughter that was lurking about her mouth notwithstanding the compassion in her eyes; and then at last he was in the open air, and hurrying away from the château.

Two days later Jack was sitting in his mother's drawing-room at Biarritz.

"Well! my dear boy, if you must return to England, go by all means," said Lady Mary with a sigh. "But where have you been all this last week, you don't look as if you had been enjoying yourself? Dr. Limpet has been here to see me; he thought you were at the Château de las Hies. My dear Jack! please don't use such language; what *has* Dr. Limpet done that you should swear at him like that?"



Our Library List.

MACDONALD'S TOO LATE FOR GORDON AND KHARTOUM. (Maps. 1 vol. 12s. *Murray*.) Some persons may perhaps be tempted to say that we have already heard all that was to be told of the Nile Campaign, but we think a perusal of this work will lead them to a very different opinion. In place of the hasty letters of a correspondent, we have the connected history of an eye-witness; and the Expedition, in spite of its motto "Too late," deserves a connected history. The crisis of the whole undertaking was undoubtedly the dash across the Bayuda Desert; and of this heroic effort, of the hardships which attended it, of the pluck of our troops in the face of every discouragement, and of the causes which led to failure, Mr. Macdonald has much that is new to tell us. He is an unsparing critic, and his work should be read and welcomed by Englishmen.

WHAT I REMEMBER. By T. A. TROLLOPE. (2 vols. 30s. *Bentley*.) One result of people publishing their own Memoirs is that they find it advisable to take a kindly view of the society described, so that although much that is racy and true is lost, a smiling picture is gained. In these recollections a particularly amiable tone prevails, and the glasses are the prettiest rose-colour, if they are not very powerful. Mr. Trollope begins by describing London in the reign of George III., his education at Winchester and Oxford, at which latter Dr. Whately was the Principal of his Hall, and a visit to America in 1825. Then come interesting descriptions of Paris, where he knew Chateaubriand, Georges Sand, Thiers and Guizot; and Vienna, where he saw a good deal of Metternich. In Florence, where he finally settled, Mrs. Browning was far the most remarkable figure, and two charming letters of hers are given. In the most expansive way Mr. Trollope describes his domestic life, his remarkable mother, his numerous friends, amongst whom were George Eliot, Dickens, and the eccentric Lady Bulwer; his home in Italy and his visits to England.

SOME OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE CANNING. (2 vols. 28s. *Longman*.) These volumes, as their title implies, are rather *mémoires pour servir* than a book, being the letters

collected by the late Mr. Augustus Stapleton for his work on Canning, but not used by him. The period embraced extends from the statesman's return to office in 1822 to his death, thus including the whole of his second term at the Foreign Office and his brief Premiership. The publication is one of very great interest to historical students, throwing, as it does, fresh light on Canning's momentous Foreign Policy in the Old World and his "calling into existence" of the New. Illustration is also afforded of his attitude on home questions, his relations with his colleagues, and the more or less veiled opposition of the High Tories. In addition to strictly political correspondence and memoranda, some miscellaneous letters are given, chiefly relating to matters of favour or patronage. Canning's endorsements and replies to such applications were often amusing and occasionally kind. The Editor's notes are clear, concise, and to the point.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE DUC DE BROGLIE. (2 vols. 30s. *Ward & Downey*.) This is an admirable book in spite of the clumsiness of the translation. The recollections are of a statesman of high character, and deep if reserved feeling; his comments on such an eventful period as that from 1785 to 1832, with his criticisms of the men who played a part in it, are as interesting as they are instructive. The first volume is the most attractive to the general reader, as it contains descriptions of the Revolution of 1789, the Great Napoleon in the days of his supremacy, the events that followed his abdication, and the state of society in Paris at the time. There are excellent critical sketches of Constant, Lafayette, Camille Jordan, and also of English notabilities. Of Madame de Stael, his mother-in-law, the Duc de Broglie gives a very noble picture, and his respectfully admiring description of her saloon contrasts with the satirical tone in which he speaks of Madame Récamier, whose charm his austere nature apparently did not feel.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES. By W. P. FRITH, R.A. (2 vols. 30s. *Bentley*.) Mr. Frith certainly holds the key of popularity. His pictures required a policeman and a rail at the Academy, his book has reached a second edition in a few days. One success has naturally helped the other. As a popular painter Mr. Frith has known and met most of the famous people of the last fifty years, and he has made the best use of his opportunities. Anecdotes of the Great Duke are alone sufficient to cast a glamour over memoirs, and Mr. Frith has many characteristic traits to record of him; the glimpses of Turner and Dickens that he gives are particularly interesting, as well as of Landseer, Leech, and other notabilities from the Queen downwards. Anecdotes about his models, experiences while painting, and capital stories of Douglas Jerrold and others, are told with so much geniality and modesty, that a delightful impression is given.

MODERN GUIDES OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN MATTERS OF FAITH. By R. H. HUTTON. (1 vol. 6s. *Macmillan*.) It must not be inferred from the somewhat ponderous title that this is a very heavy book. It is a pleasant little volume to hold, and the Essays, which are reprinted from Magazines and Reviews, are on subjects of the widest interest. Mr. Hutton is a really conscientious critic; he combines an exceedingly appreciative analysis with a closely seasoned criticism of his authors. Thus in the admirable Essay on Carlyle, though full justice is done to his power when writing as a Moralist and Politician, it is argued that his real greatness lay in being a prophetic artist. In the Essay on Cardinal Newman, his high genius is first emphasized, and then the question where he went wrong is confronted and answered. Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and F. D. Maurice are likewise made the subjects of serious and interesting studies.

LOTUS AND JEWEL. By EDWIN ARNOLD. (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Trübner*.) The first of these poems, "In an Indian Temple," opens with a lovely description of the temple. An Englishman and a Pundit discuss the Indian and the Christian ideal of the highest good, while a Nautch girl, "mocking all save Love," sings snatches of melodious and passionate songs. The whole scene in the "warm blue Indian air" is charmingly conjured up, and the exposition of the Brahmin creed is fine. In contrast to this, the series of poems on precious stones which follows seems laboured and heavy. Mr. Arnold's power of conveying glowing, varied, and sensuous impressions of a strangely different state of existence is better exemplified by two translations from the Sanskrit, and some of the short poems on Indian subjects.

ISMAY'S CHILDREN. By the Author of HOGAN, M.P. (3 vols. *Macmillan*.) As a clever attempt to produce a life-like picture of the Irish character, and to show the difficulties involved by its curious contradictions in the task of governing the country, "Ismay's Children" is instructive as well as interesting, the more so that the style is never didactic, but bright and illustrative. As a novel, the book is less successful, because the author cannot resist the temptation to exhibit successive "phases" of Irish peasant life at the expense of continuity and completeness in the narrative. This is especially to be regretted because he has the power of sketching singularly attractive and natural figures. Father Paul and Gertrude Mauleverer seem to us particularly well-drawn; and Tighe O'Malley, if not an agreeable specimen of Irish Landlordism, is a living type of a class by no means extinct. But the promising plot foreshadowed in the first chapter is shelved to make room for a number of independent scenes and subordinate groups; nor does the action make much progress until the close of the third volume, with the natural consequence of a hurried and disappointing termination.

THE GAVEROCKS. By the Author of *MEHALAH*. (3 vols. *Smith & Elder*.) This is one of those refreshing books which plunges one into an atmosphere quite unlike ordinary life. The writing is full of power, the characters are boldly conceived, and the interest of the story is kept up with unflagging spirit. The scene is laid on the Cornish coast, and the chief charm of the book undoubtedly consists in the admirable descriptions of the wild country and its inmates. Indeed, but for the pervading impression of rugged existence and people whose edges had never been smoothed down by contact with convention, the story would lack reality. The central figure is the tyrannical old Squire Gaverock, whose uncontrolled proceedings and high sense of honour form a vivid if violent picture. His youngest son, after making a marriage which he dares not reveal, seizes the opportunity of being shipwrecked to escape from his difficulties, and to begin life anew with a guileless brother and sister who open their arms to him. His weariness of them after a time, the sudden appearance on the scene of his wife, whose sweet unselfishness is charmingly portrayed, and the complications that ensue, are as full of movement as the thread of the story woven round the other characters is of interest.

APRIL HOPES. By W. D. HOWELLS. (1 vol. 6s. *Douglas*.) It is really a feat on Mr. Howells' part to make this book so interesting and amusing. In strong contrast with the serious delineation of Silas Lapham in his last book, this is a playful if satirical study of a morbid girl and a cheerful young man, whose course of love runs unusually smooth, but who, with the recklessness of extreme youth, succeed in making for themselves a few small impediments. This may not seem attractive, but the cleverness of the writing, the liveliness of the endless conversations and the skilful sketches of character, make as diverting reading as Mr. Howell is ever wont to supply.

LITTLE PETER. A CHRISTMAS MORALITY. By *LUCAS MALET*. (1 vol. 5s. *Kegan Paul*.) A child's story, by the author of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," suggests the Knight of La Mancha in the box of Marionettes, and one is surprised to find an author who loves to dissect the most complicated phases of human nature, drawing a picture of a little boy of five years old. The irony of life is, however, brought out in his surroundings, and in the half-mad charcoal-burner, who has perhaps a deeper insight than his fellow-creatures with all their wits. The story is beautifully told, and the pathos only too successful. The descriptions of Little Peter and his cat *Cincinnatus* will fascinate children, while their elders will appreciate the clever sketches of character in his father, Master Lepage, and Eliza, the typical French servant. Some of the illustrations by Paul Hardy are very pretty.



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